

BELL'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
"Afore ye go"

London

Saturday September 11 1971

4p

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No morning clouds on Heath horizon

By KENNETH DODD

The Prime Minister was bouncing with optimism about Britain's economic prospects yesterday when he spoke at a lunch in Glasgow. But he warned trade union leaders that big wage demands could seriously hold back the country's growth.

His message was not new, but the geography of its declaration gives it fresh light. Scotland has one of the highest unemployment rates in Great Britain and Heath was speaking only a few miles from the Upper Clyde Shipbuilders' yards.

Many members of the General Council of the Scottish TUC and most of the Labour Party magistrates in Glasgow had refused invitations to the lunch, but the Prime Minister gave no sign of being put out. He told the guests, who included businessmen and civic leaders, that the Government's measures were of the kind that took time to work through the economy, but the country was now in a position where the prospects for growth were brighter than they had been for a very long time — "and substantial growth at that."

Additional wage settlements, however, could be a major factor in the choice which lay before the country, management, the trade union movement, and its firms was a clear one.

The Government has increased taxes, including taxes on profits, in order to bear directly on prices. It has also increased the expansion of the money. The major employment has been agreed to work for a period of time, to hold prices down.

The choice before the trade union movement is this—now that the Government has set in motion a policy of moderate wage settlements, to work with management to make possible by higher productivity and more efficient methods.

In other words, to work not for illusory increases which are offset by price increases, but for real increases which mean higher standards of living.

A few hours after Mr Heath had spoken, the Bank of England was making its expected announcement ending overdraft facilities to banks on who has to have loan priority. The announcement was received by Mr Len Mather, chief general manager of the Midland Bank, as "a refreshing and challenging opportunity."

The news will make it easier for people to borrow for cars, television sets, greenhouses, and other products to improve living standards, and will also be of benefit to businesses seeking new capital for expansion and improvement of services. Banks will also be free to set their own interest rates and charges so that would-be borrowers can "in theory" shop around for money.

The relaxation of the lending rules is another indication of Government optimism. Mr Heath said later in his speech that expansion, once begun, could be sustained so that its effects were experienced throughout Britain. The prospects of prosperity would, in the Government's view, be further improved by entry into the Common Market.

Later in the day, Mr Heath expressed sympathy with the shop stewards of UCS who "had been led to believe that sunshine was just around the corner" for the group. "Manifestly, this was not the case, as was shown by the £32 millions of liabilities and the fact that £20 millions of public money had been lost," Mr Heath said after a private meeting with representatives of Glasgow Corporation.

But he said that there was not time for a backward look at the problems of UCS. The urgent need was for constructive planning.

Asked by the Lord Provost, Sir Donald Liddle if the "end of the road" had been reached for the yards, Mr Heath said it would not be true to say this. The Government was trying to maintain a viable shipbuilding industry on the Upper Clyde.

Mr Heath invited the city to bring forward without delay projects which might provide employment. He called, particularly, for the submission of "labour-intensive schemes."

Mr Heath warned of possible difficulties for the company proposed to run the Govan Linthouse portion of the group, unless cooperation from the labour force was rapidly forthcoming. There was a danger that shipbuilders who had ordered ships from the UCS would cancel the orders and, worse, would fail to place any new orders.

Government lifts the restraints on banks

By ANTHONY HARRIS, Economics Editor

The banks, freed at last by a Government decree for tooth-and-nail competition, took to the jungle yesterday like the old lions they are, and announced that the fight will not actually begin on October 1. Until then they will continue to agree on interest rates.

The Bank of England, however, fearful that they might get excited if allowed unrestricted competition, has arranged for a limit of £750 million in Government stock—£750 million which they might otherwise have tried to lend to the Treasury.

The effect is that the banks are almost exactly the same as they have been recently, in spite of this calculatedly "relaxed" atmosphere.

The new rules mean that the banks are controlled at arms' length, through Government institutions which hold their shares through central banks. The banks and hire purchase houses.

This means new entrants to the market.

Dearer beer...

By VICTOR KEEGAN, Industrial Correspondent

Whitbread, which has signed a CBI price curb document, is a warning yesterday that some of its beers may have to rise this winter.

Mr Alex Bennett, chief executive, said at the annual meeting in London: "I believe this winter will show a very competitive position about price. In my view is that at least some prices may have to go up."

and insurance

General Accident Fire and Assurance, one of the largest motor insurers, is raising its rates on comprehensive policies by 10 per cent from November 1. This follows similar action by other offices.



Geoffrey Jackson waving from the steps of the British Embassy in Montevideo yesterday

Wilson off to Moscow

MR WILSON is flying to Moscow tomorrow to discuss Berlin and the proposed European security conference. He returns to London on Thursday. Herr Brandt, the West German Chancellor, will be in Moscow later next week.

Sir Alec to welcome Jackson at airport

By PATRICK KEATLEY, Diplomatic Correspondent

Sir Alec Douglas-Home plans to be on the tarmac at Gatwick Airport-London this morning when the British Ambassador to Uruguay, Mr Geoffrey Jackson, arrives home.

Mr Jackson, who has been freed after 348 days as prisoner of the Tupamaros guerrillas will arrive in an aircraft chartered for him by the British Government.

His ordeal is believed to be the longest endured by any of the diplomats and other public officials who have been kidnapped in recent years in attempts to exert political pressure on Governments. He was held in his underground prison more than four times as long as Mr James Cross, the British diplomat kidnapped by Quebec separatists a year ago.

Messages were sent to Mr Jackson in Uruguay yesterday from the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. Later, Mr Jackson was able to board an airliner for the overnight flight to Madrid, having been cleared for the journey by doctors who gave him a three-hour examination at the British hospital in Montevideo.

Colleagues of Mr Jackson in the British foreign service are convinced that his survival represents a personal victory, achieved by courage and self-discipline over conditions of imprisonment that would have broken the health or the spirit of most men.

Given the climate and the risk of disease in a poverty-stricken quarter of a South American city, it is a remarkable feat, especially for a man in a sedentary occupation. Mr Jackson has strong Christian convictions, and it is believed that this was an important element in sustaining his morale as the days dragged by.

A message to his wife who is staying with friends in Sussex, said that he had lost track of the time. When the message came telling him of his release he had just woken in his prison cell, and then it was breakfast time. It was, in fact, 8 p.m.

One element of mystery remains. How was the pressure exerted by Britain and by friendly Governments, to persuade the Tupamaros guerrillas to set their hostage free?

Reports from Montevideo speak of an elaborate plan to save the face of Uruguay's Right-wing Government, the success of which depended on the contrived "escape" of 106 Tupamaros guerrillas last Monday.

President Allende of Chile may have been a vital link in the chain. He was brought into things earlier this summer, when he volunteered to act as a mediator—the Left-wing Tupamaros were thought to be ready to listen to advice from him, a fellow-Marxist, when they would listen to no one in Uruguay. This plan suffered a setback when the Uruguayan foreign Ministry, curiously, intervened, any told Dr Allende not to meddle in the nation's internal affairs.

But with the escape of the Tupamaros, the original motivation for holding a British diplomat was eliminated, since they were concerned only to exert pressure on President Pacheco Arana. But how was the "escape" arranged? Perhaps Sir Alec is in a position to give Mr Jackson a confidential rundown on the details, when the two men meet for longer talks at the Foreign Office next week.

By this morning will be largely a family affair, after the official formalities are over.

The Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, Sir Denis Greenhill, who is Head of the Diplomatic Service, will also meet Mr Jackson at Gatwick.

Mr Jackson returned to Britain some time ago, and has been deliberately incommunicado for the past two days, staying with friends in the country. She hopes that she and her husband will be able to get away to a quiet place of retreat for a day or two, where they can be spared the attentions of press and television.

Before leaving Montevideo yesterday the Ambassador gave a brief farewell statement in Spanish, which he spoke fluently. But he chose to avoid anything resembling questions or a press conference, and has indicated that he would like to follow the same formula on arrival here. His overnight journey by Iberia, the Spanish airline, takes him to Madrid at breakfast time today. After consultations at the Foreign Office, it was decided to arrange a charter flight for the final leg of the journey, to make things easier and more private.

Next week Mr Jackson may give a full-scale press conference at Lancaster House.

Mr Jackson will also have to consider the alternative courses open to him. He is 56, and only four years from the compulsory retirement age in the foreign service. A number of potentially lucrative offers have already been put on paper by news and broadcasting organisations, bidding for exclusive rights in his story if he wishes to tell it. There might be book and film rights as well, making up a package that could well be worth upwards of £50,000. But acceptance could only be on the basis of resignation from the service.

After school in Bolton and studies at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Geoffrey Jackson took his first post at Beirut in 1937 at the age of 22. Subsequent postings took him to Iraq, Egypt, Switzerland, Canada, Colombia, and Honduras,

Snowdon plea

LORD SNOWDON is to appeal against his conviction for careless driving. Haywards Heath magistrates fined him £20 with £20 costs after Mr Ray Bellisario, the photographer, had brought a private prosecution.

Show 3 legs

THE QUEEN has issued a royal warrant allowing the Isle of Man the three legs symbol to appear on the merchant navy's Red Ensign when flown by Manx-registered vessels.

Man bites man

MR J. A. ROW, manager of a bank in Kilburn, London, was bitten in the leg yesterday in a scuffle after a man had presented a cheque staff believed to have been stolen. A man will appear in court today.

Surrey denied

SURREY now need six points from their last match against Hampshire, to win the county championship. At the Oval yesterday Glamorgan's last pair survived the last eight balls to deny Surrey the title then and there.

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Sad day down on the farm

By JOHN ARDILL, Regional Affairs Correspondent

The Ministry of Agriculture has ordered its advisory officers in the Lake District to withdraw their active leadership of one of the most promising experiments in cultivating good behaviour in the countryside: the organisation of farm open days.

In recent years, thousands of city people have been given a practical introduction to the pleasures and problems of country life through tramping across the fields and around the byres and outhouses of farms on tours organised for the most part by the farmers themselves. The movement is gathering force in many parts of the country, but it is strongest in the Lake District, where it has been put on a formal footing.

This summer, for the second year running, Government advisory officers have coordinated the activities of many bodies involved in promoting open days: the farmers themselves, the Countryside Commission, National Trust, Lake District Planning Board, Naturalists' Trust, Westmorland County Council, and even Manchester Corporation waterworks department. In addition to the organisational work involved, advisory officers have given up Sunday afternoons to attend open days.

Now, although the Government men will still be able to take part in open days, they are having to drop their coordinating role because of the cut-back on advisory services. Their last act in this capacity will be to organise a conference of interested organisations in an effort to find someone to take over the job.

There is no fear that the movement will die because of the Government's withdrawal. Individual farmers are determined to carry on, but without coordination the impact may be lessened. The advisory service it is felt, is particularly suited to doing the job. Other organisations either lack the facilities or have a partisan line to sell.

There is obviously no way of measuring the effect of the open days upon the visitors subsequent behaviour in the countryside. But there is no doubt about their popularity. Lake District farms have had 5,000 visitors this summer — and in Northumberland nearly 2,000 people went round a farm at Rothbury, near Rothbury one day last month.

Farmers and others involved have been struck by the almost complete ignorance of many of their visitors, and by their enormous appetite for information. And they are convinced that the open days are doing something to reduce the vandalism that gives townspeople such a bad name among farmers.

Mr George Wilson, who farms on National Trust land at Glencoyne Farm, Glenridding, near the shores of Ullswater, and claims to have started the open day movement five years ago, says he has never had any damage by visitors — and they numbered 900 one day this year. He was convinced that practical education was the key to the damage problem, because he had found that people causing damage were prepared to apologise, and appreciate why their behaviour was unwelcome, if he took the trouble to explain his point of view.

His commentary for visitors includes illustrations of what litter can lead to: a cow's test cut off by broken glass, for instance. It is very much the approach now being followed by the Countryside Commission, whose revised countryside code puts a price on farm commodities and livestock so that townspeople can better appreciate the damage they are liable to cause.

Mr Wilson is angry about the Ministry's cutback on advisory services in general and its attitude to the open days in particular. "To pull out now is just to niggle and short-sighted — it is despicable."

One of the advisory officers said of an open day: "It was one of the most fantastic happenings of my life—I was quite remarkable how little people knew about the countryside, and how interested they were. Participation in the open days has involved very little extra work for the service."

Ulster gives a hint of change

By SIMON WINCHESTER

The Northern Ireland Prime Minister, Mr Brian Faulkner, last night delivered a major speech that is being interpreted in Belfast as largely a signal of rejection to Mr Harold Wilson's proposals, put forward on Wednesday, for a fundamental overhaul of the Stormont Government machine.

There was also, however, a hint among Mr Faulkner's words that some constitutional adjustments could be carried out and that the Stormont Government's attitude is not one of total opposition to the improvement of governmental opportunities for the province's Roman Catholic population.

By far the largest part of the lengthy speech, which was delivered last night at Stormont, to delegates attending the annual conference of the Confederation of Ulster Societies, was aimed at the undefined figure of Mr Wilson. The suggestion that the Stormont Government was "factional" and that the army lacked neutrality could not be made — with any consistency, Mr Faulkner said, by those who had earlier agreed that they should support an elected and lawfully constituted Northern Ireland Government.

This, in particular, is taken as a direct attack on the Labour Party leader, who made those very points in his lengthy speech at Wexford Garden City, and yet who had firmly supported the Stormont Government at the beginning of the crisis three years ago.

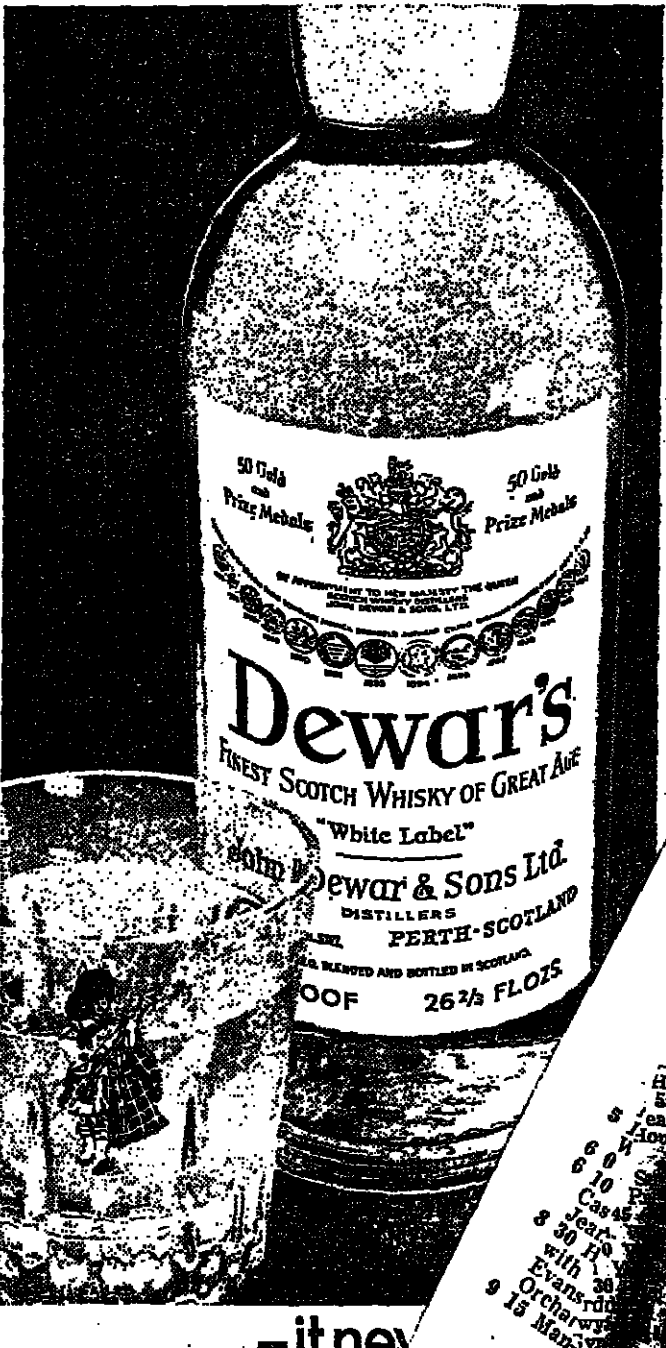
In his speech, Mr Faulkner condemned those proposals which he said, would turn the present form of Government into a "sham or shadow." He did not believe, he said, that people who had enjoyed a degree of real self-government for fifty years would turn back the clock and treat the area as if it were a Crown colony.

Mr Faulkner's reference to a "sham or shadow" is a presumed comment on Mr Wilson's proposal for the establishment of a Parliamentary Commission, based in Westminster, which would oversee all the proposed legislation emanating from the Government in Belfast.

Mr Faulkner was also extremely short with those other Labour Party spokesmen who, in speeches during the past few days, had criticised Stormont as being either "discredited" or "corrupt." Mr Roy Hattersley, for instance, had used the word "discredited" in a recent reference to the Stormont Government. This type of

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Blended for smoothness



Wrecking' of tour upsets Vorster

Cape Town, September 10

South Africa's Prime Minister, Mr Vorster, today accused the anti-apartheid movement in Australia of being naked terrorism to wreck the Springboks' cricket tour there. He told the newspaper "Die Burger" that he did not foresee a movement in South Africa's favour against anti-apartheid campaigns.

Britain must clear debt for Rhodesia

From PETER NIESEWAND

Salisbury, September 10
Rhodesia will insist on Britain repaying the Rhodesian Government's loan market debt if any settlement is reached between the two sides in the 10-year-old independence issue. This was made clear today by Mr John Wrathall, in an interview with the *Mail and Guardian*. He said the British Government had tied its hands through sanctions, and stockholders would have to look to Britain for payment as its stocks matured.

Mr Wrathall recalled that he had said in 1967 that the Rhodesian loan market debt was about £137 million, and that the figure would not increase during the loan period ending in 1971.

He said: "Outstandings in respect of stocks issued in the Rhodesian loan market, loans from the British Government, a loan from the Commonwealth Development Corporation, and international bank loans, calculated on the basis of interest to the date of redemption, amounted to about £103 million at June 30, 1971."

Mr Wrathall said the figure referred to Government securities only, where there was a substantial sum due by and to the respective private sectors in Britain and Rhodesia, "which will have to be settled in time."

Smith may accept Olympic terms

By PATRICK KEATLEY: Diplomatic Correspondent

It is much too soon to say whether Rhodesia is out of the 1972 Olympic Games, simply because the conditions imposed by the delegates of 70 member countries meeting in Munich specify that Rhodesian teams would have to accept "God Save the Queen" as their national anthem and the old Rhodesian flag with the Union Jack as their official symbol for all public occasions.

It is just possible that the leader of the rebel regime, Mr Ian Smith, is prepared to climb down on this issue and authorise acceptance of these conditions as a political "sweetener" intended to make a favourable impression in Britain.

The Union Jack and the association with the Crown are factors which have a high emotional significance for the very same right-wingers in the Conservative Party in London who constitute a major element in Mr Smith's lobby in this country.

No doubt the proposed conditions would be embarrassing for white Rhodesians because of all the fanfare which attended the introduction of a Republic flag, anthem and Constitution two years ago. It may be that the African States taking part in the deliberations of the general assembly of national Olympic committees in Munich proposed were unacceptable and therefore bound to result in the absence of Rhodesia from the 1972 Olympics.

But the presence in Munich this week of the Secretary of the Rhodesian Olympic Committee, Mr Ossie Plaskitt, indicates the total determination of the Smith regime to stake its claim for participation and press its hand.

THE suggestion that a speed limit should be introduced on all main roads has mostly been at the bottom of the list of proposals for increasing road safety in West Germany. The average German motorist admires the "sport-like" mode of driving, and that means speed. Britain, the United States, France, and Sweden have all imposed speed limits, and apparently with favourable results, but here the foot has remained heavily on the accelerator.

Now at last the Transport Minister, Georg Leber, faced with 19,000 road deaths a year, has decided that something must be done about speed. From January 1, 1972, there will be a speed limit of 100 km/h (62.5 mph) on roads with only one lane in each direction. This restriction will not apply to any autobahn, nor indeed to those stretches of main road where the local authorities consider it unnecessary. Flexibility is to be the password—100 km/h here, 110 or perhaps even 120 there.

"We don't want to put traffic into a straitjacket," says the Minister. "But we do need the sort of regulation that other countries have. Not that we're worse than they are; though admittedly we're not any better." It is estimated officially that 30 per cent of German drivers regularly break the speed limit, and since the

'We don't want to put traffic in a straitjacket but we do need the sort of regulation that other countries have'

Letter from Bonn

police are saying they won't be in a position to enforce the new regulation, some people are suggesting that the Minister should forget his plan and devote the money to be spent on road signs to better use.

There is of course already a speed limit of 50 km/h in built-up areas, and there are frequently limits of 70 km/h or 80 km/h on notoriously dangerous stretches of road elsewhere. But a man with the title of "traffic psychologist" recently reported that most drivers did not react to traffic signs so much as to the prevailing traffic situation. They disregarded signs and regulations which did not appear to be meaningful. The speed limit in built-up areas was introduced in West Germany some 14 years ago, and resulted in a 20 per cent decrease in the number of accidents in these areas. But outside towns the number of accidents attributable to high speed has risen by 23 per cent.

None the less, a poll carried out by the motorizing organisations shows that Herr Leber's plan is most unpopular. Seven out of ten motorists who took part were against a tempo 100. The case of many motorists is that, apart from tending to clog up the roads still more, the new regulation will make overtaking much more hazardous. For—unless you break the limit—the overtaking distance at 100 km/h is dangerously greater than at present unlimited speeds. And not to overtake is "unsporting."

teaching had been very authoritarian.

It is already clear that some of the Americans have arrived with an inadequate knowledge of German. The prospectus they received from Hamburg stated that eventually they would have to teach in German. But there is an acute shortage of science teachers in the intermediate grades, and the Americans are required also to teach these classes, although the children's knowledge of English is not sufficient to enable them to follow science lessons in the language. Only the senior classes are able to do that.

Talking of schools, I wonder how many British school-leavers ever get the chance to question the Prime Minister on current affairs. In Bonn this week Chancellor Brandt gave a press conference to the members of staff of school magazines and newspapers. They got something of a scoop, too—his first public comments

about his forthcoming visit to the Soviet Union.

THE WEST GERMAN serial rights of the memoirs of General Reinhard Gehlen, former chief of the Federal Secret Service, have been bought by Herr Springer's "Die Welt." It is doubtful, however, whether Gehlen's scarcely credible story that Hitler's closest aide, Martin Bormann, was a Soviet spy, induced Herr Springer to buy the book. He is more likely to have been attracted by Gehlen's stories of the Soviet Government's post-war intrigues against the West which provide "Die Welt" with more ammunition to use against the Soviet Union.

For 20 years Gehlen's service was unanswerable to Christian Democratic governments. It flourished in a period of East-West confrontation, when the mere suggestion that Bonn should recognise the existence of the German Democratic Republic was regarded almost as an act of treason. Bundesnachrichtendienst, or BND as it is called, was geared to the cold war, and long after the departure of Gehlen three years ago, was reputed to be still very much out of sympathy with Willy Brandt's policies.

There has been a considerable shake-up since the present government took office, and Gehlen can hardly be feeling pleased about the present state of his old organisation. There has been a rush to get Gehlen's book on the market—perhaps because two biographies of Gehlen are coming out this month, one by a member of the staff, "Der Spiegel," the other by an American.

I ASKED my daughter's swimming teacher how much I owed him for the lessons. "Nothing," he said. "I don't want money... but you might bring a bottle of your excellent English whisky along sometime."

Norman Crossland

S. Africa 'tapped British phones'

From STANLEY UYS

Cape Town, September 10
Miss Alison Norman, the main defence witness in the trial of the Dean of Johannesburg, the Very Rev. Gonville French-Beytagh, on charges of terrorism, said in the evidence that was taken on commission from her in London a fortnight ago that she had heard rumours that South African security agents had followed people around in England and had "bugged" telephones there.

Miss Norman has refused to come to South Africa to give evidence, because she is not satisfied with the indemnification offered to her by the Minister of Justice. Her evidence on commission was read in the Pretoria Supreme Court today. In it she explained that she had written letters to her husband, the Dean, into a dustbin because she "felt sick" at the idea that the security police would invade her privacy and enter her flat in London.

Miss Norman said she felt rather foolish about disposing of the file of correspondence in this way, but when she spoke to the Dean by telephone after his detention in January he had told her that he had been followed and that pictures had been taken of him while he was in England.

Asked whether she was a party to a conspiracy for the violent overthrow of the South African State, Miss Norman replied, "Most certainly not." She added that she knew very little about the banned African National Congress and nothing about the South African Communist Party.

She said it was not true that she was an agent of the Defence and Aid Fund in London (one of the main charges against the Dean is that he received money from the Defence and Aid Fund, which is banned in South Africa). She had helped people in South Africa, mainly Africans, but "in terms of human need rather than politics."

Miss Norman said she did not want to name a man who was "a fairly prominent figure in public life and English politics" who had paid for a great deal of legal work done in South Africa.



Life in the streets of Nabadwip, centre of India's handloom cloth industry, 60 miles from Calcutta, hit by the waters of the river Ganges. The water level is still rising

'Million die' in Vietnam floods

Saigon, September 10
The South Vietnamese television service claimed tonight that one million people have died in the floods that have devastated North Vietnam for nearly three months. Saigon television did not explain how it obtained the casualty figures, but said that the North's population of 20 million.

United States air force photo reconnaissance planes have flown over the flood-ravaged regions gathering intelligence on the extent of damage, military sources said.

Hanoi has not issued any details of casualties so far, but has described the disaster as the worst in Vietnam's history, surpassing the famine and flood in 1945 which killed a million people.

It has said that floodwaters have smashed part of the huge dam system protecting the Red River delta food-producing basin and have flooded the streets of the capital.

Saigon television said that damage to roads, bridges, and railways, and mobilisation of

Military air takes a blow

Milan, September 10

THE "military look"—all the rage with Italian girls this season—has been dealt a crushing blow by the Milan carabinieri. They said today it was illegal, and announced that they had raided shops selling military-type clothes.

The carabinieri — paramilitary police — said they had confiscated several hundred yards of camouflage cloth and dozens of cartridge belts. Hat pants, bikinis, jackets, and jump suits made of camouflage cloth are very popular in Italy.

Under the penal code, the carabinieri can arrest people for "abusive wearing of a uniform," and fines ranging from £26 to £260 can be imposed.

Some legal experts wonder, however, whether a girl caught in fact, be prosecuted. There are 30 women in the Italian army. —Reuter.

War on air fares looms larger

Amsterdam, September 10

Airlines flying the North Atlantic failed here today to agree on new reduced fares for the route after the West German line Lufthansa, had repeated its rejection of proposals drawn up at a conference in Montreal last month.

The other airlines had given Lufthansa until September 15 to change its mind but after today's three-hour meeting the Director-General of the International Air Transport Association, Mr Kurt Hammarck, confirmed that the Germans were maintaining their opposition.

Present fares are valid until February 1 next year and Mr Hammarck said the Lufthansa representatives had come up with proposals that he could not reveal. A compromise might yet be reached, but if the Germans refused to agree with the other airlines there would be "an open situation."

This would involve an experimental period of one year during which airlines would fix fares individually. Mr Hammarck said. But he added that he did not expect that the airlines would start "cutting each other's throats."

An IATA traffic conference would be fixed for September, 1972, to consider the results of the experimental period, he said. "In any case I can forecast that during such an experimental period businessmen and holidaymakers can be sure that they will have a choice of very attractive fares on the North Atlantic route."

Failure feared
Some airline officials, however, expressed fears that the outcome of failure to reach unanimous agreement within the next few weeks would amount to a general free-for-all.

Mr Hammarck said that in the previous negotiations the Germans had rejected a scheme of fixed rates under a plan to give discounts to passengers booking three months in advance, but they now accepted this principle.

Lufthansa had not "slammed the door," he claimed. Its reasons for rejecting the IATA package last month was that it was too complicated and difficult to carry out, particularly a proposal calling for advance payment by excursion fare travellers.

Barrow wins again in Barbados

Bridgetown, September 10

Mr Barrow won a third five-year term as Prime Minister in yesterday's general elections with 18 seats out of 24, an increase of three seats on his Democratic Labour Party's total at dissolution.

The leader of the rival Barbados Labour Party, Mr Bernard St John, was narrowly beaten in his constituency by a candidate of the Democratic Labour Party, Mr Morrison. The Barbados Labour Party won six seats against seven held previously.

Both parties contested all 24 seats and there were two independents who received negligible support. Polling was held in the morning, and the Democratic Labour Party took about 57 per cent of the votes.

Mr Barrow, former Royal Air Force navigator and London-trained lawyer and economist, won by a large majority in his own constituency, but his Minister of Labour, Mr. Boxill, was defeated. —Reuter.

TELEVISION

IAN Richardson leads, James Collan Jones directs, the new five-part of Huxley's "Eyeless in Gaza" (BBC-2, 9.0). Around it, a night with the Albert Hall, the Leningrad Phil plays Tchaikovsky's Fourth there ("Music on 2.55," BBC-2, 8.10), then "Omnibus" tells the tale of the Hall's one hundred years, aided by the LPO, the Royal Choral Society and, for reasons which may become clear, the Scalfold (BBC-1, 10.15). Elsewhere, Annette Crosbie in the ITV play, "Concussion" (ITV, 10.15).

- BBC-1**
9.0-9.30 a.m. Nai Zindagi Naya Jeevan.
11.0-11.30 a.m. Seeing and Believing: Single Flame.
12.0-12.30 p.m. Farming.
1.0-1.30 p.m. Parkers at Saltram.
2.0-2.30 p.m. Made in Britain: Bound for Luxury.
2.30-3.0 p.m. Yesterday's Witness: Remembrance of a Federal Society.
3.0-3.30 p.m. Basil Brush Show.
3.30-4.0 p.m. Ken Dodd and The Diddymen.
4.0-4.30 p.m. Laurel and Hardy.
4.30-5.0 p.m. Film: "The Smallest Show on Earth" with Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers, Peter Sellers.
5.0-5.30 p.m. Silver Sword.
5.30-6.0 p.m. Wildlife Safari to Ethiopia: Blue Nile.
6.0-6.30 p.m. 15 Minutes: Africa Loves Jesus.
6.30-7.0 p.m. 15 Minutes: The Lord.
7.0-7.30 p.m. You Think You Know Britain?
7.30-8.0 p.m. "Mozambique" with Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Grace Kelly.
8.0-8.30 p.m. News.
8.30-9.0 p.m. Omnibus: 100 Years of the Royal Albert Hall.
9.0-9.30 p.m. She and She: with Trevor Reddick.
9.30-10.0 p.m. Weather.
10.0-10.30 p.m. News.
10.30-11.0 p.m. Rugby Union: Abertaweek.
- BBC-2**
1.0-1.30 p.m. Nai Zindagi Naya Jeevan.
1.30-2.0 p.m. Cricket: John Player League—Lancashire v Glamorgan (4-0—Profile of Trevor Bailey, with Ray Lindwall, Keith Miller).
2.0-2.30 p.m. News.
2.30-3.0 p.m. World About Us: Penguin.
3.0-3.30 p.m. Music on 2: From the Proms—Leningrad Philharmonic, Tchaikovsky conducted by Gennadi Rozdestvensky.
3.30-4.0 p.m. Eyeless in Gaza, by Aldous Huxley, starring Ian Richardson.
4.0-4.30 p.m. News.
4.30-5.0 p.m. Changing Years of David Lloyd George: Seen through the eyes of his widow.
5.0-5.30 p.m. News.
5.30-6.0 p.m. Cricket Scoreboard.
6.0-6.30 p.m. One Man's Week: Roy Budd.
6.30-7.0 p.m. News.
7.0-7.30 p.m. News.
7.30-8.0 p.m. News.
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GRAHAM GREENE

by Alex Hamilton

THEY WERE SLEEPING six in a bed in Antibes when I met Graham Greene on his home patch. The sweat-soaked outlines of bodies were imprinted on uncracked sheets as clear as factory cut-outs. But that first hint of it as a seedy milieu was straightaway discounted by the town, and by Greene himself, who should know.

I came round the old seawall one evening, where the restaurants spreading along narrow fissures of rock look in their variegated intensity of umbrella and tablecloth as if they had themselves burst the stone open, and half the world was facing in from the ramparts to watch the other half playing boules in the grit. All but a dog who had no choice but face the sea, since his head and neck were cased in plaster. Antibes is the innocent one of the Riviera, said Greene, his theory being that it's the HQ of the Mafia, and they don't want their own nest fouled.

He emerged suddenly and unexpectedly into my line of vision, as if from fog, in canvas parka and soft shoes, a tall figure slowly leaning his way up the slope, Isaac Deutscher on Trotsky under his arm. We wouldn't drink where I'd been drinking, he said, a terrace from which I'd been reflecting on the absence of tarls on the waterfront, Vauban's fort like a worn molar across the water, and the mass of white yachts from Panama and Liberia. He had a feud there, he said, we'd go round the corner where the Mafia drink. He poured just enough water on his whisky to varnish it and looked round hopefully. But the Mafia were playing boules.

My own book was "The Lawless Roads." Yes, he said, it was one of two watershed in one's writing, the other being "Journey Without Maps." They both gave one a kind of switch, and rivers ran a different way afterwards. He talks in the unhurried manner of his generation and class, pulling out the diphthongs, and his sentences bending to an expiring cadence, while the frequent Yesesses which patrol your own comments are largely noncommittal. Only some of the harsher consonants, gritted out, give a spikiness to a voice like a sharpening steel.

He had just flown in from his house in Capri, where he'd been labouring on a new novel and a series of biographies which seem to sell so much better than novels. He spoke too of biographers and his dislike of the amateur historian, and of publishers and how one noted Catholic publisher would be so much better as the central character of the comic novel than of any other medium.

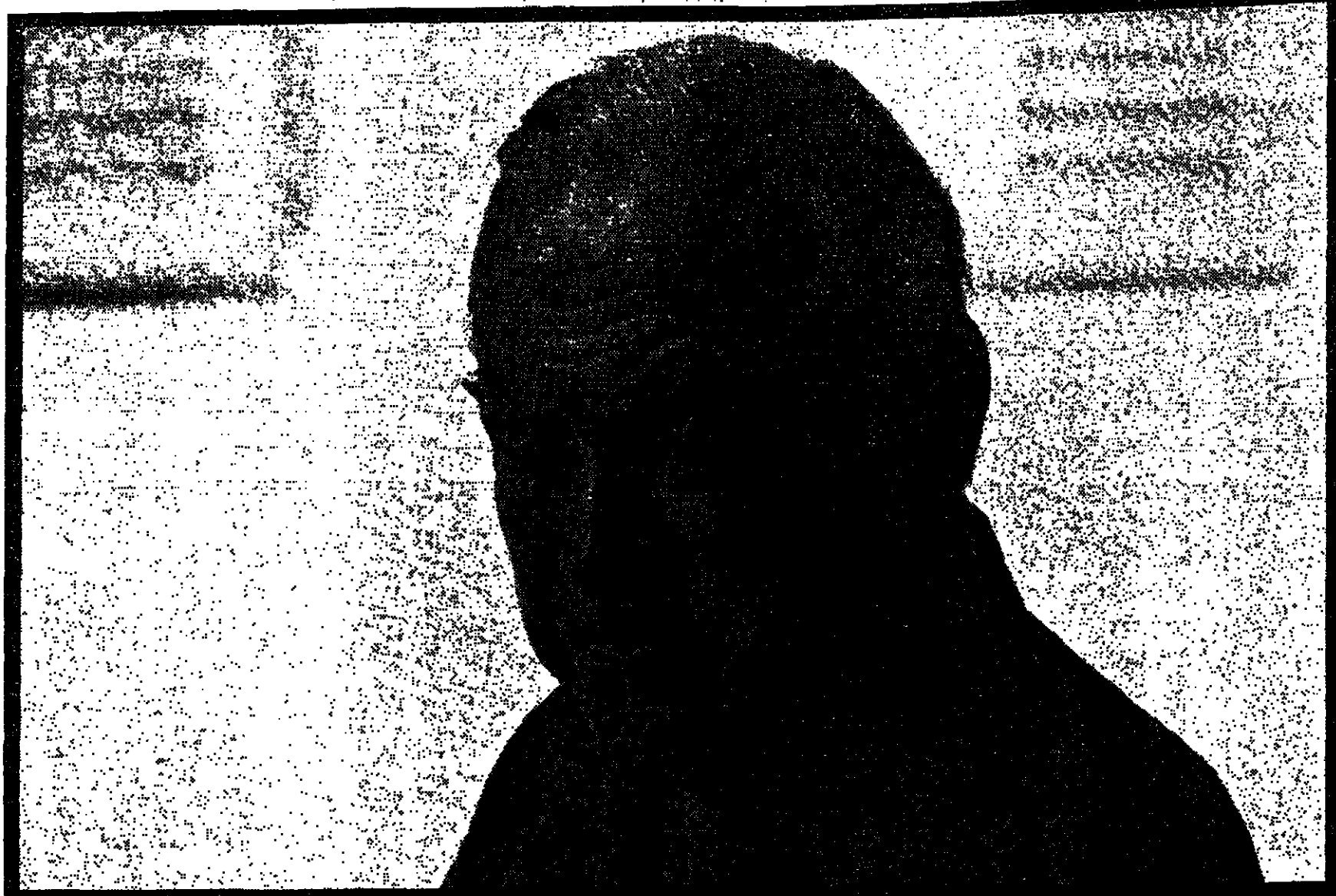
He said he was glad of the chance encounter, it had taken the chill off. We'd go on next day, at his home, only give him time to write his few words of fiction after breakfast, and without prepared questions, one so much preferred just to talk. He'd had an interview with the Pope himself and it had been very dull. Well, he was a dull man, who'd been given a copy of "The End of the Affair" and the only comment reported back from His Holiness had been "This man has problems." Perhaps the whole Church was getting duller. He commented Lulu's to me as a place to dine. One ought to have a companion there, but the coast-guards used it.

We talked next day of chance encounters, and the luck that follows a writer. "An unexpected encounter," he said. "You think nothing is going right. I've got nothing to write about. Then out of the blue somebody comes across and the whole thing starts." Like who came across?

"Like in Liberia. I arrived with my carriers in a small town called Tapis and one found there the commander of the frontier force, the villain of the League of Nations, a man called Colonel Benes, who'd committed many atrocities. One was invited to dinner with them, he drank my whisky, and one had met the villain of the piece without going out of one's way to do so. Had he the capacity for going out of his way, for getting to grips with a complete stranger? "No, I wait for him to come to me."

It's a long while since the rivers changed course in Liberia, Mexico, Malaysia, Vietnam, the Congo, Cuba, Haiti. The shyness persists, he's never found a formula for breaking out? "I find things happen somehow, now as then. Recently I was in a town in North Argentina where I didn't know a soul. I came down from my hotel room for a quiet dinner by myself and a mysterious figure came and said he had an invitation for me to a camp outside the city. I asked how he knew I was there, and he said he lived in the hotel I originally booked into, before the Governor decided I'd be more comfortable in the one I was in. From there I found myself sitting down to dinner at a table loaded with seven people. I hadn't had to approach anybody."

That city, let's call it Aguadiente, is the setting for the novel he is writing, "The Honorary Consul." The footscap sheets rest on a table by the balcony



PICTURE BY ISLAY JONES

of his fourth-floor flat looking over the port. Foolscap because he wants it tightly written, as contrasted with the loose quality of "Travels with My Aunt" which allowed him to break with precedent and use ordinary plain paper. He writes very, very slowly, and the callous on his forefinger is a tiny hemisphere.

*It was
the dream
that
began it*

OF COURSE AGUADIENTE is a frontier town, bordering Paraguay. The frontier has been a symbol of excitement for him since childhood, when as the son of the headmaster of Berkhamsted he ventured as a Quaker across the border from private side to school side. He'd not actually run his nail down frontiers in search of a site, but he'd been attracted by Agudiante passing through at night on a boat up the Parana. He'd returned without a story, but he did have a dream, and he knew it was the place for the dream to work within. As with so many of his stories, it was the dream that began it.

And somehow things happened. The Paraguayan consul of the province was kidnapped in Buenos Aires, a priest was excommunicated, there was the house arrest of the Archbishop, a bomb in the cathedral, a car overshot the ferry, a suicide in the river. And lastly a dead man in a field, though that could have happened anywhere. The dream had ceased to be necessary. No more about this novel, said Greene. The memory of grace in the heat of writing was the surprise. "Characters hide points." Sometimes they hide themselves altogether, erupting to alter the whole structure, like Minty in "England Made Me." Erupted to the good, he thought. Also, he liked to know that I always say I'd be a good priest because stories come in one ear and go out the other. The power to forget is part of the created thing too. It comes back from the unconscious in another form. It's the difference in way between the job of a reporter, and that of a novelist. It's yours to remember, mine to forget. In a way what one forgets becomes the unrecognised memory of the future. Afterwards I remembered who said literature is a contrived process of forgetting. Conrad.

So anecdotal people would be of little use to him. "I like overhearing more than being told. I love eavesdropping. That was the penalty in South America, that my Spanish is too bad for good eavesdropping." The peculiar value being that getting it out of context gave it a curious dramatic

interest? "Exactly. Also it eases one's conscience. One gets a story which is completely untrue and therefore can't be identified."

Twilight piled upon isolation. With his predisposition to boredom, did he not suffer a certain angst, arbitrarily lodged on some alien sandbank? A certain timidity, he acknowledged. When he knew where he was going, he took his books. As in the Congo leprosy. The first day was rather gross. He had a but with table, mosquito net and bed. He could not speak the African language of the leper who looked after him, though he alternated lunch with the Belgian father and doctor. But when he spread out his books he thought, "This is my study, this is my home."

The experience inspired "A Burnt Out Case," the novel about a refugee from his own creative talent for architecture once he has lost his faith. For a time after that book Greene seemed written out. Should one make the parallel? "No, one had a mental block, caused by fatigue and perhaps living with a downbeat character like Querry for two years. Relieved by writing out one's dreams. When I was 60 I had a strong sense of my age. I started a non-fiction book called 'The Last Decade' and after I'd written four pages I forgot about my age. One is aware though, you know, at 66, that the wall is there, that if one wants to finish this novel, one mustn't start playing around."

Had he ever felt, playing around in what he might not get out for external physical reasons? "Only once, two years ago in Israel. I spent two nights in an Israeli mess at El Qantara, borrowed a Jeep to look at positions all down the Canal, and everything was peaceful as you could wish until our return. Then everything broke loose from the Egyptian side. What worried me after we ran to the dunes was when the Israelis eventually replied, because I thought the Egyptians will now learn they've been overshooting. The mortar didn't come in, but there I thought it was a bit silly to be mixed up in somebody else's war at my age, and being three hours on a dune on a hot afternoon, without a hat."

He'd wanted to survive then. Different story in our own war with the Axis. He reckoned then there was a very strong sporting chance of not surviving the blitz, toting and froing in Africa, submarine warfare, the diseases of Africa, all stacked up to a promising prognosis of death. But because it was a wish fulfilment one had miscounted the chances, the casualties weren't that heavy. In those years (which immediately follow the end of his autobiography "A Sort of Life"), his writing became rusty with misuse and disuse. I said diffidently that I supposed accide to be a form of sin. It might be, he agreed, but he had never been against sin. Anyway this wish not to survive has been less accide than the apathy of a personal situation (I

remembered the preface to "The Confidential Agent"—1939—written in six weeks while slowly moving "The Power and the Glory"—1940—forward, where he attributes the break-up of his marriage to the spleen resulting from that benzedrine effort). But he'd not say the same today. On the whole he'd fight to survive now. The Suez adrenalin had been a notable gush compared with the blitz trickle.

"I have a certain pleasure in being frightened," he said. "It makes one rather cheerful afterwards." But each variety of Russian roulette can be played only so often, before the adrenalin peters out. "Yes," he said, with that quiet thoracic chuckle that accompanies particularly his more baleful remarks, "and one is merely afraid of being sick on the back of the pilot."

We talked of areas of the world where his re-entry would promote too much adrenalin. He'd been banned in South Vietnam for "The Quiet American." He wouldn't risk his life in Haiti. He didn't think General Stroessner would welcome him back in Paraguay. He wasn't sure they'd let him back in Czechoslovakia, after his recent airing of views in Prague, but they might, since they're still publishing him. In Russia he'd bitten off his nose to spite his face, by putting an interdiction on publication of his work, over Daniel and Sinyavsky. People had criticised that as an empty gesture, but they were misled, the Russians had been very scrupulous over royalties. Yes, he concurred with Pyle's view in "The Quiet American" that an opinion is an action, especially if the Russian tanks are about. An individual could do more than a committee, or a writers' promise, because there need be no compromise.

*'Helloooo,
Greene!
I'm
Scobie!'*

HE COULD GO back all right, to Free-town, setting of "The Heart of the Matter" (very popular book, except with its author) but the trouble there was... the chance encounter. He'd in fact gone back and, coming out in the dark from his hotel, had his arm viciously gripped. A high hearty voice said "Helloooo, Greene! I'm Scobie!"

I mentioned the old story of his being banned from Butlin's for peeping through a knothole and he professed never to have heard it. "I did fall down on the dance floor," he conceded. "That was the depth of my disgrace. I went with Edward Anziczone and arriving at Clacton we were encouraged when the taxi-driver said

"That brothel!" but it was sadly not a bit like that. It was very much like the place I'd anticipated years earlier in "The Confidential Agent." The effect of charm wore off by breakfast on the second morning."

People who wondered at him as a writer alienated from England should remember, he said, that half his work was laid there. In his earlier years a book would take nine months and he was two thirds through. Now it takes two years or more, and nothing splits off but a few ideas for short stories, in which however he takes more pleasure than he used to, expanding them to give room for a surprise. He once could walk up a character, but now travel, the antidote to boredom, is the necessary locomotor urge to his imagination. He never read theses on his work, because that only had the effect of making him self-conscious. He reads the reviews of a new book until elated by rereading his own plot adumbrated. The one stimulus that comes from criticism is a perceptive essay on another writer, like Erich Heller's book "The Artist's Journey into the Interior," which reawakened the excitement of writing.

There'll be no more plays after the débacle of "Carving a Statue." Previously he'd been rather spoilt in the theatre, but here he had a horrible difference of opinion with the players. He thought he'd written a black farce, his best play, but the actor was resolute not to be funny, he thought it an Ibsen piece on God the Father. The English sometimes get the mood wrong, as with his novel "Travels with My Aunt." They reviewed it as merely funny, whereas it was laughter in the shadow of the gallows, as a perceptive Swede had said.

There'll be no more autobiography after "A Sort of Life," except the prefaces to his Collected Edition. He has little memory of his work and revisiting them now is almost always a painful business. Does he not fear the inevitable double-decker from somebody else on his life? "I hope that as the Vietnam War may cease, this desire for huge biographical tomes should also. I've used to enjoy the old Victorian three-deckers. One's one was making one's own biography out of that material. Something rather fascinating in a boring book. Every 56 pages something interesting—like looking for precious metal with a Geiger counter."

The problem with "A Sort of Life" had been what to leave out. In the end he had been run by his conscience as a novelist, and dropped a long section on prostitute life in London in the twenties, not to break the story line. We talked about that, the two or three girls he had gone down personally, how Soho had gone downhill from girl into clip-joint, how Butler had proved himself the worst of Home Secretaries with his so-called Cleaning the Streets Act, how Maupassant had been the only writer to get the whole in fiction, until

he said I was providing just the disequilibrium he had avoided. But yes, it might yet make a good monograph. Any kind of start now is a horror, but not to write is a worse horror. "One becomes disagreeable, one fidgets, one can't stay alone, one can't read a book with comfort. One feels a layabout." There remain the attractions of Scylla and Charybdis, communism and the Catholic Church. In either, he said, he would have been a Protestant.

He has never been as far Left again as in his Oxford days. "I've wavered, that's all. In Malay I was anti-Communist. It was a war waged by purely mercenary Chinese, against the Malayan population. I had a great deal of sympathy for the French in Vietnam, but I swung back, and with the American intervention I became even more a Communist sympathiser. On the other hand the combat with Russia, even post-Stalin, has made one dislike that form of communism. He remains with Freud rather than Jung, whose kindness makes him suspect. And just as he long ago did his technical homework on the prefaces of Henry James, Conrad etc, so he no longer has an interest in theology, having done his homework on Newman, Bonhoeffer, St John of the Cross and the only book he liked of Father D'Arcy "The Nature of Belief." Trying to talk of the pathology of the urge to martyrdom was something of a cul-de-sac.

"And why not take symbols from human love, when they're the nearest we've got to equals? Some of Crashaw's poems might be absurd, but not when they're felt." He's suspicious of mysticism and (long pause) doesn't want to believe in revelation. "I've seen somebody who had the miraculous element, Padre Pio in South Italy. He was no mystic, but a solid peasant who happened to have the stigmata. I'm slightly on my guard against mysticism because it approaches fake poetry. Juliana of Norwich I don't appreciate, nor Evelyn Underhill. Eastern mysticism is a closed book to me. I can't appreciate Milton. I mean there have got to be blind spots in me."

But the usefulness of being a Catholic remains all-embracing. "The Church has the best intelligence service in the world." Wherever he goes he feels he has a visiting card to the best informed members of the community. The encounters are not chance. "One learns a great deal from priests." And from women? "Not as much as from priests," he replied quickly. I waited. "From women," he said slowly, "one learns about oneself. And that is important for a writer. He had said once that he and sex interest, connect. "I think of myself as a seer, I'm a victim, not a producer of fear."

*Obsession
that has
gone
too far*

COULD HE FEEL any positive sediment in the whirlpools of human passion? "I shouldn't want to watch my friends in one. One of them being myself—one has experienced the obsession on various occasions, which has gone too far, and now I would like to control the obsession, a lot easier with age. "I wouldn't be frightened of sadness or grief for a particular thing. The hysterical misery scares me, too many emerge on the far limits of the pool as suicides. This is a self-preservation instinct in me." Shouldn't other people be allowed to make up their own minds? "Oh yes, it was Scobie's fault that he didn't."

"I can't see a writer's privilege? The chuckle. This time came from a not further down. "I always say before Le Bon Dieu. 'Well, you made me a writer, and if I've got into more scrapes than others, it is because you did.' "I thanked him for a sort of interview sort of began to go. We chatted about gambling, and he said he had won £250 at the tables at Nice and been tempted to put it all then on red or black, but had been dissuaded. Because he had a girl as a mascot? "Yes, actually. I also won £190 at Beaulieu though, with my publisher Max Belinfante for companion. The only superstition I have is to play 19 lines and squares." He made that sound like the Clapham omnibus.

The afternoon sun pressed. I was sorry to leave his spare quarters, with the table sofa, two chairs, bookcase and three paintings. There was a deck of cards on the table. "Patience?" I asked. "Gin rummy," he replied. "I smiled. "A game for two."

"A Sort of Life" by Graham Greene will be published on Thursday (Bodley Head, £1.80).

review

COVENT GARDEN

Edward Greenfield

Die Walkure

"THE REAL THEME of the 'Ring' is said my companion portentously 'is that people ought to pay their architects' fees promptly.' He is (I need hardly explain) an architect. Leaving aside the question whether Fasolt and Fafner would ever have got through their exams, I confess I had not thought of taking Wagner's universality that far. But visual architecture in any 'Ring' cycle rarely begins to match that of the music, and I only hope that the powers that be at Covent Garden are now thinking very deeply just why the Schneider-Stemmen sets have been so insulting. Plainly the production side is determined to see them out in the most aggressive way possible, for this year, in 'Walküre' as in 'Rhein-

gold," the lighting has been deplorably crude. Loge's flames rise up in Act 3 at the flick of a switch.

That 'Walküre' was a profound and illuminating experience none of the less was due more than anything to the artistry of a single singer—not the Wotan of Donald McIntyre, finely projected, but a little dull; not the Brunnhilde of Amy Shuard, though she was in ringing clear voice; not even the fine Siegmund of Richard Cassilly, virile with no barking tone whatever, looking as he took the sword from the tree rather like Mark Cox at Wimbledon, finishing off the set with an unanswerable smash.

This was a rare occasion, because for once Siegmund provided the central focus of the drama, not just Act 1 where naturally with Siegmund she takes the centre of the stage, but amazingly in Acts 2 and 3 as well. When Hilda Damesch entered in these later acts for her comparatively brief contributions, the drama acquired in a moment a new electrifying intensity.

So it was that the climax of the whole opera was not so much Wotan's farewell to Brunnhilde, but the soaring, scalp-tling phrase which Siegmund utters when Brunnhilde foretells the birth of Siegfried. And why not, when this very phrase crowns the tetralogy's great epilogue in Brunnhilde's immolation at the end of "Götterdämmerung"? With Damesch one had a Siegmund who not only has the vocal equipment of a Brunnhilde (more naturally her part) but who has a projection of artistry that allows her to

scale down the voice, to soften the personality, without dropping the voltage by a single point. No wonder the result is a Siegmund that makes others seem cold.

It says much for Richard Cassilly's Siegmund that his artistry was by no means submerged. In this rôle a baritone tenor is always apt, and here one had an unexpected balance in Act 1 against the comparatively light-toned, clearly focused Hunding of Karl Ridderbusch. As the Ridebusch's fine Fasolt in "Rheingold" one was compelled to listen with new ears. This was not so sinister a Hunding as usual, but that did not at all weaken the drama. The Fricks of Ruth Hesse were less completely successful. As I suspected from hearing her in "Rheingold," her natural gentleness shines through even when Fricka is laying down the law to Wotan. Edward Downes' conducting reflected the ups and downs of the singers' interpretative achievements: certainly the orchestra was in better form than on Wednesday.

STRATFORD

Gareth Lloyd Evans

Othello

I CANNOT explain why "Othello" set in the nineteenth century should be as effective as it is in John Barton's pro-

duction at the RST. Perhaps it is because he combines this with a heavy concentration on the military element and the result is to isolate and make Desdemona more vulnerable, and the innate brutality of the play more obviously naturalistic.

This is a fine production conceived with great thought and emotional precision and, as we are learning to expect from Mr Barton, revealing layers of meaning hitherto unseen. Emrys James's Iago is an army lad whose high jinks can turn to calculated vice at the drop of a handkerchief. This performance is brilliant, almost ritualistically. His movements are voluptuous, his eyes dreamy, he seems to be stunned rather than roused by Iago.

This excellent performance will take more certain flight when Mr Mason spreads his vocal wings in the last act. At the moment it is Elizabeth Spriggs as a superb, hot-blooded Emilia who historically dominates the death scene of Desdemona who, as played by Lisa Harrow, has a child-like fragility which is intensely affecting. There are few directors who can take as many

risks as Mr Barton does and still illuminate a play for us. What he has succeeded in doing with "Othello" is to make its circumstantial absurdities credible, its characters believable, and its theme seem near to our own hearts. How does he do it? By refusing to accept that he knows better than Shakespeare and allowing the context to control his imagination.

TELEVISION

Nancy Banks-Smith

Repeaters

THE TRADITIONAL SOUND of an English summer is the "burr, burr" of British television belching politely but persistently away. Politely because the BBC at least tend not to say they are repeating. The admission is oblique. They may, perhaps, put it "another chance to see," suggesting they are bowing to tumultuous popular demand. My particular favourite phrase is "The Best of High Chaparral," a fairly run of the mill Western. We walked round that title clockwise and underhand and it still means nothing at all to me. It's on a par with "The Cream of Crossroads," or "The Pick of the Party Politicians." I'd like to meet the man who thought that one up and shake him by the hand. I like

to show my appreciation of original humour whenever I can.

There is, I'd say, a definite opening for a new idea which I offer at purely nominal cost, to the Corporation and the channels. I feel the public would rather see "The Worst of High Chaparral." There is a definite satisfaction in being able to sit back and say with a happy sigh: "What a load of unutterable old rope."

On Thursday there were seven repeats on BBC 1 alone. A bit much, in every sense. Such a chronic case of hiccupps cannot be healthy. People can die of hiccupps, you know. Or, if they don't, I may make a point of seeing that they do.

The hiccupping ends next week with a shower of new series. If you can "Star Trek," "A Bachelor Father," "Ask Aspel," and all that old Tom Cobby as "new." More repeats, I'd have said.

However, I'm not paid to lie here uttering low moans. I shall sit up and utter low moans. I did look at "Trial: Story Three" and thought it as I thought the first episode, flashy and flat. Very shiny, smart, and celluloid. One felt they had enjoyed themselves more making it than we did watching it. In spite of the fact that in both episodes people tended to be either dead or in bed, murder and adultery positively abounded. I never felt they cared whether they were killed. Or if they did, I didn't care. Some of these jokes appeared in later editions yesterday.

National health

RADIO BY
WILLIAN REYNOLDS

THEORY behind not taking the radio with me into hospital this week was that hospitals provide radio, piped into each individual bedside. What I did find out until too late, however, was that what was provided was Radio 2, very faint and crackly withal, as if little sounds were having to crawl themselves all the way from London.

Now Radio 2, as regular readers will know, is hardly my full-time favourite. It is something about giving birth to a new station rather than the old one which ends from whence extraordinary efforts are needed to recall the name. Radio 2 would hardly be what I would have chosen as a post-natal pick-up.

Go on, the still small voice of my inner justice murmurs, it isn't all that bad. Woman's Hour, the "Morning Story", and Humphrey Bogart's "Walk" at home anyway, so what are you complaining about? What I am complaining about is that when you are in hospital you can't exactly pick up the radio, what you listen to with the radio is a very careful concentration that you are at home. Do I fancy a touch of "The Morning Story"? It coincides with the "Woman's Hour".

But, the 2 o'clock feed, closely followed by the 3 o'clock feed, is the best making a stern note about the BBC record library being available to come up with a certain Chet Baker record for Mr Lyttelton's show after one night when the visitors arrived and, after all, even a radio which can hardly receive comedy with plastic earpieces in place and stray signals from Radio 2 waves leaking out all over the place.

But, however, was at hand in the form of a book sent by the BBC based on Graham Taylor's "Personality and the Power" series, first broadcast on Radio 2 some months ago and currently being repeated on Fridays at 7 p.m. I have enjoyed the series before with its generous combination of anecdote and analysis. The book provides a slightly edited transcript version in which the aim of the series as a whole, look at what makes politicians strive for power and achieve power, comes over with great clarity. To read Sir Oswald's account of how he got on with the "set-up" on Stanley Baldwin, and on Churchill in close succession is quite fascinating. My own favourite of the portraits is that of Khrushchev presented by Doctor Tibor Szamuely in which the complexity not only of Khrushchev's character but also of the Soviet Russian political revolution is presented with extraordinary force.

Before the new run of "Analysis," which began on Radio 4 last night, has all the critical attention at the art of the autumn radio season let me mention in passing Michael Green and Brian Morris's documentary in the slot the Friday before. This looked at poverty and the way it has affected the lives of certain families. Obviously it could not, indeed did not, come up with any real solutions to revolutionary insights. What it did present was a haunting picture of the poverty which adds up not only to the "poor" but to the "poor" in the "poor" people who are continuing to be described as "untypical." I found it a depressing programme in that it showed analyses of social hopelessness struck as honest, acute, and accurate. The inevitability of continuing poverty for certain people in certain circumstances was made plain and emphatic.

I HAVE recently received a partly-anonymous letter from a lady who claims—and sounds nice enough—to be my Aunt Ruth. It reads:

Re: "Hampstead Heath Belongs to You"—Guardian, July 3.

Dear Jack Story,

I received your article from a member of my family, of which all the surviving members know to me, are proud to bear the name "Story," as inherited from Thomas Story, my father. Your satirical—in fact cynical—article, erroneously describes Thomas Story as going bankrupt. Neither at any time did the family "live like lords." Thomas Story—himself a saintly man who spent his time and money throughout his life in devotion to God and service to man—retired to the country in 1907 owing to ill-health. He lived there simply, and with four children, until his death. He was a man of a skilled craftsman to be almost self-supporting, but did receive a little help from his elder sons—and yes, we did have codlin apples!

At the outbreak of the 1914-18 war seven of Thomas Story's sons joined the Forces. I remember visiting my father as he lay wounded in hospital, and again before he was sent back to the front for the last time. The tragedy and futility of his death, that of thousands of his like in that waste of a war, was felt by us just as it was felt by his young wife, your mother. We remembered Jim as a lively lad always ready to entertain younger members of the family with slapstick comedy or "magic lanterns" full of fun and zest for living, and without the psychological complications of youth today. There is never any justification for war, but he died to give you the sort of freedom you now enjoy as you write for press or television.

Surely this makes it an even greater onus on you to write only that which is true by either implication or fact, seeing that of God in everyman rather than destroying with cynicism.

"Skivvy" is an inappropriate word to use in connection with your mother at any time. She had a good family background—I used the word, "good" without snobbish implications. I remember her as a sweet and gentle girl who met my brother at Bible Class, coming to our home with him, where in a young person, working away from home as she was, were welcomed.

My sister and I visited your mother—a young widow with four young children—after your father was killed. She never had to come to us with a begging bowl, for we believed in sharing whatever there was to share. My brother, who died the following year—1919—from the wounds of that war, fetched your mother and her four young children to visit us. But she had no wish to stay, preferring to be near her own parents.

THE death of George Jackson on August 21 remains, however cut-and-dried the prison authorities would like to make it seem, an anomaly. Jackson, author of "Solead Brothers," a collection of prison letters, and the most notorious detainee of the California prison system, was due for trial on September 20 and had every reason to be optimistic that he would be the other so-called "Solead Brothers," Fleeta Drumgo and John Cluchette, would be cleared of the charge of murdering a prison guard in Soledad Prison. At the same time, the San Francisco Chronicle reported that Jackson is said to have done in his attempted prison break, is suicidal. Why?

In 1960 Jackson was driving a car in a 270 stick-up. He had been, like most ghetto kids of his age, in trouble with the police before. So he took his lawyer's advice and pleaded guilty, both to save the court's time and to be awarded in return short-term imprisonment in the county jail. Instead he was given, in keeping with the Californian two-tier penal system, one year to life, the final decision on length of imprisonment to be taken by a nearly parole board. He was sent to Soledad, one of the toughest prisons in California. He was never given parole.

Georgia Jackson, his mother, explains it this way, quoting a black prison counselor: "He said that my son spoke out too much for his defence, and that if he would learn to keep quiet more, and just be humble when he went before the board, take everything they accused him of and not say anything back, he would be better off."

Soledad has a history of racial violence, often fomented and encouraged by the guards. On January 13, 1970, the new exercise yard was opened there, and 15 men, eight white and seven black, many of them with a reputation for violence and racial hatred, were let out. A number of them had earlier written letters about the opening of the yard, and their fear of a set-up. It was an explosive situation, with sharpshooters on the catwalk above. Inevitably, there was a fight, and three black prisoners were killed. Three days later a Monterey County grand jury called it "justifiable homicide." And half an hour after the radio reported their verdict, a guard was found beaten to death in the yard. The Soledad Brothers, Jackson, Cluchette, and Drumgo were arraigned.

Word was smuggled out to their families, and Angela Davis, who had been fired by the Board of Regents from her teaching post at the University of California, organised a campaign, with Jonathan Jackson, George's brother, as her assistant, to get her guard. Then, on August 7, 1970, Jonathan walked into a Marin County courthouse with four guns, later alleged to have been bought by Angela Davis, released the prisoners on trial, and tried to make a getaway with the judge as hostage. He was killed by guards, and only one prisoner, Russell Magee, survived. George Jackson said in a television interview afterwards, that if he had had any idea that Jonathan was going to do this, he would have done everything in his power to stop him. He knew that the guards would pay no attention to any hostages. He knew that a kidnap gambit, where the object is to keep the hostage alive, would be suicidal.

The Soledad Brothers (Jackson, Cluchette, and Drumgo) and Russell Magee were in San Quentin's Adjustment Centre in 1969. Jackson, on August 21, So was Luis Talamantez, the prison's Chicano leader, who had been transferred to the centre, or "hole," 24 hours before. Cluchette was visited by his mother, Doris Maxwell, at about 2 p.m. Jackson had a visit from Stephen Bingham, who had been arrested on the same day as Jackson, and the exclamation of Jackson's, Jimmy Carr, and two others involved in a court punch-up at Soledad Brothers hearing on April 6. Bingham was the nephew of a Congressman and grandson of a United States senator and State governor. He had helped register black voters in Mississippi in the early sixties, had



SAN QUENTIN CONFIDENTIAL

Who killed George Jackson? How and why did he do it? There's an alarming inconsistency in official explanations of circumstances surrounding the death of the most articulate and influential of the Soledad brothers. Not all of it can be put down to the confusion which followed the slayings at San Quentin on August 21. JO DURDON-SMITH reports from America

TOP: A LINK OF BARRES BRINGS OUT THE DEAD AFTER THE BREAK-OUT KILLINGS AT SAN QUENTIN. BELOW: JACKSON

been arrested and beaten. Between 1964 and 1966 he served with the Peace Corps in Sierra Leone. He returned disoriented, and worked with both Martin Luther King and Cesar Chavez, before graduating in 1969 from Berkeley Law School. He was now a storefront lawyer, and since Jackson was a friend of Carr (he is said to have taught him to read and write), was known to have been energetic in asking lawyers to take other men's cases, and was himself involved in the incident which led to Carr breaking his parole, there was nothing out of the ordinary in the meeting.

At about 2.35 the interview ended. On his way out Jackson bent down and blew a kiss to Cluchette's mother. So much is clear. What happened afterwards is confused. All that one can say with certainty is that, by 4 p.m., six men were dead, Jackson and two white prisoners and three guards.

The prison authorities have several versions of each important element of the story.

1. The gun. On August 22 they said it was a .38 revolver. The next day it was a 9mm automatic. On August 28 it was a Spanish-made Astra M-600, 28 in. long and 11 in. wide. Finally on August 28 it was a Liama-Corto 52 in. long.

2. Method of smuggling. In the first report the gun was said to have been carried in Jackson's Afro-cut hair. The next day a stocking-cap was introduced. Then, four days after the break, a wig was found, and the official version now seems to be that the gun was carried under a wig. This was said originally to have effectively hidden from view the 8 1/2-in.-long gun. Subsequently a television station in the Bay area and the "San Francisco Chronicle" both experimented with



the same make of gun, attempting to hide it either in an Afro (Jackson's was approximately 3 in. high) or under a wig. Some 3 in. stuck out. It was at this point that the prison authorities announced that it was a 5 1/2-in.-long gun, and thus finally cleared up the matter of the weapon which had been found by Jackson's body in the prison yard a full week before. What it did not do was to clear up the question of how the wig came to have been smuggled into the prison in the first place.

3. The number of bullets in Jackson's body. The first report said that Jackson had been killed by one bullet fired downward from the catwalk on the south side of the yard. Some said that this was not consistent

with the direction Jackson was running, but this is hard to prove until the coroner's report is made available. The maximum time for this, telephone calls to most of California's counties show, is four days or so. It is now 20 days since Jackson's death. However, a leak from the coroner's office to a lawyer in the Bay area suggests that there were two bullets, one in the back, one as described.

4. The position of Jackson's body. The administration has been consistent throughout in saying that Jackson ran from the door to the Adjustment Centre across the yard towards a 20 ft. high wall topped with barbed wire some 75 yds. away. If he had got over this he would have had to run a third of a mile to another fence some 15 ft. high and also covered with barbed wire. On the way across the yard, he was hit by the bullet which killed him about 25 yds. from the door, stumbled another 30 or so yards, and then collapsed. In the late afternoon, however, Oakland Tribune took photographs of the yard from a helicopter, and it is alleged that there can be seen a large pool of blood 15 yds. from the door. It may be that it was here that Jackson was killed. But a dead man does not bleed. His heart has ceased to pump. Why the blood? Cluchette and Drumgo claim he was shot in the back and left to bleed to death, then given the coup de grace.

5. The searching of Stephen Bingham's briefcase. On August 23, the administration claimed that Bingham's case was not searched as is usual. On September 2, they told the "New York Times" that they had searched the case, and even opened the tape recorder.

The anomalies do not stop here. On August 23 and 24, two and three days

after the killing, the authorities at San Quentin announced that they had known of an escape plan. Jimmy Carr, whom Bingham represented, had taken his trousers to be cleaned in Santa Cruz, where he is a teaching assistant. Inside was found, they claimed, a letter between Jackson and Carr, planning an escape. Jackson's sisters were to bring in derringers hidden in shoe heels, and plasticine hidden in the rug. This letter had been photostated by the FBI and returned.

Then on August 1 children accompanying Jackson's two sisters had brought in toy guns as a dry run, strapped to their thighs. They had been found and the sisters' visiting privileges withheld. This was the claim. At the same time prison authorities said that Jackson had not been handcuffed on his way to and from the visiting room. He had been "cooperating recently." Why had he not been handcuffed if the prison administration knew an escape was planned? It seems like criminal negligence.

The timing of the escape attempt is also confused. At first it was only "30 to 40 seconds before he came running out." Then a good deal longer, enough at any rate to free all the prisoners of the first tier, and participate in the killing of three guards and two prisoners. Then he "came out firing." In fact, two bullets from one clip had been used. One already had been used in killing Sergeant Jere Graham, so "firing" must mean one bullet. At the same time, emergence into the yard meant suicide. I spent nine days flailing at San Quentin in 1969 and know this. No one has ever got out of the prison behind a gun. And no one would have been foolish enough to try it in an area surrounded by catwalks and three gun towers, and with the guardroom immediately adjoining it.

How, too, was the gun smuggled in? John Thomas, Jackson's lawyer, says that his briefcase on his many visits was always searched and put through the metal detector. His tape recorder was always opened and tested. There are in fact standing orders to make sure that a tape recorder actually works. It is another anomaly. On August 24, Cluchette and Drumgo appeared in court, carrying with them an affidavit from all the men in the Adjustment Centre. It had been written by Magee, and it began: "We, the undersigned, being black men, had been incommunicado, because of suffering from wounds and internal injuries inflicted on our person by known and unknown agents of Warden Louis S. Nelson." It claimed that Jackson had been murdered, that they had been beaten and left outside in the yard naked and chained for 73 hours after the escape break, and since harassed. Drumgo wept and shook throughout the hearing, and both drew attention to bruising and burn marks. On August 25 Warden Park confessed there had been some beating to Ben Williams of Channel 5. The next day he withdrew it. He is now on leave. Cluchette said the same day that the "set-up" was under way when Jackson returned to the centre. He realised what was going on and tried to stop it. Then, understanding that they were after him, he ran out into the yard to draw their fire.

It was August 26 before anyone was allowed into the prison. Then three white reporters talked to the men in the centre. They found little to substantiate the beatings, though there were marks and scratches on a number of men. However, this was five days later. The next day, a group of black politicians and local figures went in, among them Congressman Ron Dellums. They found marks consistent with cigarette burns and beatings.

Of course, there remains the problem of how three guards were killed. So far the men of the Adjustment Centre have kept silent on the issue. But whatever the results of this tragic episode, the conflicting statements of the prison administration must add fuel to the growing outcry of the left America against what they call murder.

JACK TREVOR STORY

Confessional

We lost touch with her over the years but I had thought that she married again. You say "It was all hearsay, just a name"—perhaps these few facts may give your picture a new perspective.

Yours sincerely,
Ruth—née Story.

I feel a little embarrassed, rather the way I imagine Ted Ray would feel if he'd had one of his mother-in-law jokes interrupted by an irate woman in the audience. That's a lie, sir. I am your real mother-in-law! For the first time I appreciate the predicament of those characters in Dickens, Fielding, Sterne, when suddenly confronted with the fact that for the last 300 pages they have been plotting the ruin of their own long lost twin brother who emigrated to Australia under a cloud. That speechless, shattered look as everything they've ever believed in crumbles to dust behind camera.

No need for such embarrassment, however, for my long-lost aunt, turned out to be a woman of no mean accomplishment—in that single loose-leaf she has created a family, a time and a background of Wellman colour, warmth and integrity. Now for the first time I see my father's mysterious life in slapstick comedy and magic lanterns (we call it the telly), no doubt already enrolled in Wells's everman club for the achievement of a scientific utopia. The utopia which turns out to be all communications and no communication, in which, at the age of 54, I hear about my father for the first time.

To write like this my Aunt Ruth (I've got an Aunt Ruth!) whatever her name is and wherever she lives must also read. And if she reads she must know that James Thurber's aunt (for instance) who used to hurl her old shoes across the landing every night to scare burglars ("Sometimes she threw the lot") only rarely lived, with all his other crazy relations, in the attic of his humour.

Your writing is so highly personal these days. My book agent, Jon Thurlow told me recently, "that it's not a question of finding a publisher or a film producer—I have to find out who they're writing to."

I know that he's only trying to be witty; and succeeding, which is the irritating thing about agents. But it's the kind of thoughtless, even frightening remark that makes a writer's relatives and friends uneasy. Confessionals, like other literary devices, aimed at creating the illusion of reality, of an inhabited world.

Here in the blazing heat of an American August, amid the hurry and scurry of New York, I sit down to write my final declaration of faith, as a profane or foreword to the story of my life...

Thus Frank Harris in his foreword to "My Life and Loves." It was winter, he was in the hurry and scurry of being a hard-up old man in the south of France, and the story of his life would include how he came to start the First World War.

King Edward came back from Germany and, worried to death, naturally called me in. "Well Frank," he said, "what are we going to do about The Kaiser?" "There's only one thing we can do, Teddy old chap," I said. Two weeks later we were at war.

Thus also, for heaven's sake, Henry Miller, Daniel Defoe, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Uncle Tom Cobley and all. Come closer, Jim lad...

When I was senior fiction tutor for the London School of Journalism you didn't know that, for instance, did you? One of my dozen or so correspondence pupils was the mayor of Cardiff. He was worried that he couldn't get anything personal into his writing.

All his stories turned out to have been written by a dog, though his trick was to fool the reader in the first paragraph with things like:

"Two days after the Boon-Danahar fight... which you wouldn't expect a dog to know anything about. I liked it and told him not to worry about the personal stuff, at least while he was mayor."

One of the dangers of the first person confessional style is that not only do people think you mean them, they think you mean you. Well, I know what I mean. Sitting in my car in Gamingsy High Street last Monday and

waiting for an estate agent to come back from lunch (I'm looking for a converted water mill, should anyone know of one) I got shouted at, quite cheerfully, but rather vulgarly by one of a bunch of workmen on a building site who had obviously seen me on the box.

"Lovely-mate, eh!" he shouted, and made some sort of obscure gesture. The point is I'm not the sort of chap you make obscure gestures at. I'm the sort of chap that turns red and clears his throat at anything even slightly vulgar or suggestive.

"That's what I don't understand about you two," a very good friend said recently (Wednesday). "You've got it anyone tells a dirty story, even a good one. You won't hold parties in case somebody accidentally sits on your bed. You're as prudish as two old maids and yet you live together without being married."

It is through your best friends that you glimpse the awful unflattering truth about a religious society. All they've got is the ten commandments—if there was eleven they'd be done for.

Dear Aunt Ruth, if I used real people in my stories without giving them any kind of cosmic existence (and you will have noticed that the spark has gone out, just looking about me) I would still be looking for my first publisher. Okay, so my mother had a good family background and met my father at Bible Class—she was still in service and was therefore a skivvy; and she still accidentally pulled the tail out of the family parrot and had to do a moonlight flit.

My mother would have felt as you do if she thought I was telling lies about the people we love. On the other hand she believed anything that was in actual print (the fundamental weakness of a slave society). When she went to the bit in "My Mother's Second Husband," the only bit that I'd invented, where she pushed him off the ferry boat and never saw him again, she said:

"Fancy you remembering that!"

Well, if we're going to ruin it with the reality, I expect she meant fancy you remembering that dark, wet, distant night when we thought Monty had come back to stay with us for good.

But it's not the same, is it?

As for being cynical, well it's just a comic device to hide the real sentimental old me. I used to write fiction, 20 Sexton Blakes, Westerns, thrillers, umpteen short stories, balloonage for a "Daily Sketch" strip—then suddenly I struck the social comedy vein which petered out when I realised they were just more books.

Now my writing is so immediate (it's 5.30 Saturday morning now and when I've done the washing-up we're setting off for Devon) that if nothing happens next week I'll be out of work.

GARDENING

Asters out of obscurity

BY BENINGTON MARSH

MINIATURE-FLOWERED asters are first cousins to Michaelmas daisies. After being neglected for perhaps a couple of generations, they are beginning to emerge again from obscurity through the fashion for flower arranging. Nurseriesmen with a keen line in Michaelmas daisies usually stock a few miniature-flowered asters as well. They are four species in general cultivation: *Aster cordifolius*, *A. ericoides*, *A. diffusus* (laterifolius), *A. horizontalis*, and *A. turbinellus*. They are all hardy perennials and originate from North America.

The best-known garden variety, and one which I never allow to lapse in my own collection, is *A. cordifolius*, "Silver Spray." Unfortunately, because of the chaotic days of the last war, when much good nursery stock was either ploughed in or redeployed upon a reduced acreage, there has been some confusion over the names so that even at the RHS Great Autumn Show I have seen the name "Silver Spray" given to an *ericoides* variety.

The true plant, which has heart-shaped basal leaves dwindling to a tiny slender form aloft, stands up 4 ft. with thousands of tiny whitish flowers, flushed bluish-mauve with maroon centres. This starry haze of blossoms moves at the lightest breeze and beckons green fingers to ruffle it through in the autumn sun. The bees always find it first and scatter and hover impatiently at being disturbed.

Another cordifolius aster, with graceful arching stems rising to 3 ft., has the curious name of "Photograph." This is an older variety flowering in a similar but slightly deeper hue. There are other cordifolius cultivars, such as "Ideal" and "Sweet Lavender," but they are hard to track down in current catalogues.

Usually of shorter stature are the members of the *ericoides* group, which take their name from the tiny, narrow, faintly heathlike foliage held close to arching twigs. They range from 1 ft. to 3 ft. Whereas cordifolius asters tend to be thirsty through the rapid growing season of early summer, *ericoides* varieties will stand drier conditions than most of the genus. They also have a wider colour range.

Drier conditions

A. e. "Delight" and "White Heather" show tiny white flowers with yellow centres. "Star Shower" has white flowers suffused with violet and smoky-purple foliage, which has caught the eye of flower arrangers. The "Hon. Vicary Gibbs" and "Ringdove" are tree-flowering plants in a pale shade of

rosy lilac, while "Esther" comes close to pink. "Golden Spray" should properly show an abundance of small white flowers, but as a nurseryman's authority than the late Margery Fish has been fied; but some nurseries sell a white-petalled flower with a golden eye under this name. There is another yellow called "Brimstone."

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The release of Mr Jackson

Mr Geoffrey Jackson is a courageous man. To have been "in solitary confinement and suspended in time and space for eight months" in a windowless cell lit by a naked bulb was an appalling ordeal. Such knowledge as has emerged of his captivity by the Tupamaros guerrillas in Uruguay indicates that he bore it with patience and humour. After having known so little for so long, it must be an overwhelming relief for Mr Jackson's wife, family, friends, and colleagues to know that he has been released sane and fit. Their relief will be universally shared in this country.

His release is no triumph for the Uruguayan Government. Its impotence made Mr Jackson's plight all the more horrifying and risky. While Mr Trudeau in Canada was able to outlast the

FLQ kidnappers of a British diplomat from a position of strength, President Pacheco had to wait because he could do nothing else. In the end, the Tupamaros had to wait no longer after the escape of their colleagues from gaol. They have displayed their strength in letting Mr Jackson go. They have also shown some mercy which will probably work to their benefit in November's elections.

Nevertheless it is abhorrent that a foreign diplomat should be exploited in this manner by a rebel group in a struggle with its own Government. Undoubtedly the Foreign Office has the security of its employees in mind, but it should take special care of diplomats in critical areas. No one should be exposed to the sort of ordeal from which Mr Jackson has happily just escaped.

How much bank competition?

A peaceable man pushed into a fight is a stock figure of fun. G. K. Chesterton once imagined the Quakers, under severe provocation, rushing into battle armed with sticks of chocolate: the banks seem to be inaugurating the new era of competition in a similar spirit, by declaring that they won't actually start to compete till October 1. The interval will presumably be devoted to working up some kind of Dutch courage—for it is hard to see any other need for it. The banks have had four months to prepare their battle plans, but men so long accustomed to peace may be forgiven if even now they are a little reluctant to go over the top.

In the end, however, they are likely to be pushed. The finance houses, the merchant banks, and others whose activities have been constrained under the old rules are seeking to expand their business as fast as they can attract deposits and invest in the now-required reserve assets: and it should not be long before there is quite aggressive competition at the more expensive end of the credit market—hire purchase, finance for small companies, personal loans, and so on.

It remains to be seen how far the public is impressed by sheer advertising, and how shrewdly it shops for reasonable rates: there may be a need to strengthen the rather weak law covering the declaration of true interest rates if the ordinary borrower is to be capable of shopping wisely. But there can be little doubt that the trend at the dear end of the market should be for keener rates. On the other hand the cheap, traditional overdraft—the credit enjoyed by relatively privileged people and companies—may well become dearer as more profitable lending opportunities expand.

So far, so relatively good. In the present circumstances of easy money and a depressed economy, banking competition will offer an interesting and not too painful spectacle. The real

difficulties may arise when it is next necessary to operate a credit squeeze.

The principle of the new free system is that the authorities will impose a squeeze by driving up the cost of credit rather than by rationing it. This may well result not only in higher overdraft rates, but long periods of high rates even by comparison with recent experience. There is no provision under the new scheme for qualitative control—for furthering social and economic ends by allowing relatively easy credit for chosen borrowers—and the cost to them could be high and hurtful.

Further, there are doubts about the workability of the new system if a really fierce squeeze is required—first, because the building societies might be driven to charge extremely high rates or virtually cease lending if the competition for deposits gets too hot; secondly, because it is not clear how easy it will be for the Government to finance a fiscal deficit by selling vast sums of Government stock at a time when interest rates are being driven up.

The building societies can be protected by ceilings on the rates offered to small depositors, on the lines of the US Regulation Q: but there is no simple adaptation which will prevent the system generating unacceptably large swings in interest rates if it is put under too much strain. Nor, as we are discovering, is it simple to insulate the home economy from large international money flows if domestic interest rates get too far out of line with those overseas. So essentially less constraint for the banks means more constraint for the Government—for it is deficit spending by the Government which causes the biggest strain. However, deficit spending is also necessary at times to achieve social and employment objectives. Experience will show if the price demanded in Government restraint is too high to be worth paying for a competitive credit market.

The TUC keeps options open

The main achievement of the 103rd Trades Union Congress was that it kept calm and left its leaders with their hands free. In the coming year the TUC and its member-unions will have to accommodate themselves to the Industrial Relations Act. They will also have to try to come to terms with the Government and the employers about prices and incomes. Otherwise the economic growth they want will either not happen or will have to be stopped as soon as it has started because of inflation and the balance of payments. No union leader looks forward happily to this sort of task. But the two jobs will have to be done. The union leaders' task will now be easier than it would have been if Congress had given them resounding but impossible orders. Mr Feather has not been told—as he might have been told—to find the last ditch and die in it.

This year especially union leaders are going to need as much room to manoeuvre as their followers will give them. If there is to be a prices and incomes policy it will come about through a continuation of the discussions that began in the National Economic Development Council and not through public confrontation. The Industrial Rela-

tions Act exists and individual unions will have to come to terms not so much with the Act itself as with the employers' view of it. For if the Act itself is irrelevant the employers' interpretation of it is not. Both sides of industry will have to live with it. In one way or another, quietly rather than loudly, they will have to decide together which parts of the Act they will both ignore. If both sides can agree on the parts of the Act they will forget to use, industry will have a more comfortable and productive future.

This year's TUC will no doubt be criticised for having faced both ways on the Industrial Relations Act, for having rejected the EEC without considering the alternative, and for having denounced inflation but not its causes. But these criticisms are beside the main point. This year, more than in most years, the unions need to keep their options open. And at the risk of looking silly (to some) this is what they have done. They have also done it openly which is a virtue in itself. The advantage Mr Feather has over his opposite numbers at the CBI is that he can hear his members arguing. Democracy, even the TUC's brand, has the merit of being informative.

Hypocrites of the world, unite

It never has been easy to be a Christian, as the early martyrs probably remarked on seeing the lions approach and as Mr Malcolm Muggeridge must feel now, having been pelted with stink bombs by the Gay Liberation Front. No doubt he, the Bishop of Stepney, and the other assembled Christians at London's Festival of Light bore their ordeal with fortitude and wore the crushed tomato on their suits like a badge of honour. But no doubt, too, they felt a sense of confusion. To be innocently spreading the Word and the Light and having a modest go at moral pollution and then to be unaccountably assailed by Gay Lib. and Women's Lib. with accusations of "hypocritical bullshit" because they were not instead talking about India or Vietnam or the rights of women and homosexuals must be bewildering.

Besides, it is unreasonable to expect even Malcolm Muggeridge to solve all these problems at once. One thing at a time, surely, although the Sussex housewife who has shaved her head as an all-purpose gesture of protest against everything may have a point. Of course, if everyone followed her example it would solve little except to put all the hairdressers out of work and how would the Bald Liberation Front like it if its barbers invaded their meetings hurling razors and shaving soap and shouts of "hypocritical bullshit"? Anyway, the lady's slogan, which is presumably "Down with society in general" may have a grimly attractive ring to it but it is hardly constructive.

"Down with moral pollution" at least has a specific purpose, even if the hecklers at the Festival of Light think little of it. To some extent it is possible to sympathise with them. In the world's present chaotic state there are so many things to crusade about that wherever anyone begins could arguably be the wrong place. Still, it ill-behoves those who themselves demand tolerance and understanding to offer so little to the Bishop and his fellows. "It weareth the Christian down," it does.

A COUNTRY DIARY

NORTHUMBERLAND: This has been an excellent breeding season for certain species of birds in the two counties of Northumberland and Durham. Grouse on many moors have done exceptionally well. I do not think that it is as yet generally realised that some of our grouse moors produce far greater bags than the more publicised grouse shoots north of the Border. Apart from this game bird many other species appear to have nested and hatched off in near record numbers. There is a great abundance of mallard along all our many rivers from Tweed to Tees. I have never seen so many herons before in fifty years of residence in the county. Durham was never a heron county but Northumberland has its established heronies. The increase in herons appears to have come from new, occasional solitary, nests. It has been no unusual experience this summer to come upon six or more herons fishing altogether along some quiet riverine stretch. Another water bird that seems to have done well is the goosander. One day on North Tyne I flushed no less than a dozen of these brilliant saw-billed ducks within a two-mile stretch of river. HENRY TEGNER

BRITAIN'S vast Akrotiri base on Cyprus sits strategically placed to maintain our presence well outside its immediate Middle Eastern context. A vital posting. But, as WALTER SCHWARZ reports from the island, one that is drenched in sunshine and affluence.

What price Blighty now?



After the day's work is done...

ONCE young men of talent and ambition went out to the colonies, prepared to rough it for a while, expecting positions of power over the natives.

Now young men, a new elite, come to Akrotiri sovereign base area, Cyprus, and to a dwindling number of similar places. They can hope to exercise no more power over the natives than having a charwoman. But neither do they finish flying or soldiering or minding their aeroplanes, which is often around lunchtime, the rest of their day is lived in sun-drenched ease and affluence.

Whisky is 60p, cigarettes 6p for 20. There is water skiing, skin-diving, sky-diving, ocean-going yachting, horse-riding, motor racing. Dining out with wine and soft light as often as you feel like it. Holiday trips to Beirut, Jerusalem, or Malta.

The men take with them their wives and children and every facet of the Welfare State, supplemented by the extra solicitude of the Army and Air Force. The younger wives are so used to being looked after by authority, and so unused to managing a lot of money, that they sometimes ask the doctor in their clinic what to do about hire purchase debts and overdrafts.

The men are an elite in a number of ways. Many of them know how to take a Vulcan bomber to pieces, or to refuel two Lightning fighters simultaneously in mid-air. Some are in a position to watch the take-off and landing of every aircraft in the Middle East through a giant radar station on the top of Mount Olympus. Others plan and carry out air exercises that reach out to Singapore, Nairobi, or Scampton, Lincolnshire. Yet others are experts in mountain rescue and go off for high altitude in Anatolia.

Yet they are not just technocrats. Akrotiri is a far cry from

Biggin Hill, but 56 (Battle of Britain) Squadron is here, still humming with the joy of flying, still boyishly obsessed with the wonder of flying machines. "We're incredibly lucky here, actually," said a Group-Captain (OBE, AFC), "because from this one base we are flying Vulcans, Lightnings, VC-10s, and Hercules."

In the crew room of No. 9 Squadron (note the smallness of the Squadron numbers showing that they go back to World War One). They have embedded in concrete a bit of the bulkhead of the Tirpitz, sunk jointly by Nos. 9 and 617 Squadrons at Tromsø Fjord, in 1943. They captured the trophy from 617 last year, in an airborne night raid on Scampton. The concrete is to prevent its recapture.

The 10 square miles of the air base—the biggest in the RAF, with about five arrivals or departures every hour, day and night—is spotlessly clean from end to end. The Cyprus bases—Air Force and Army—have 20,000 souls. From Akrotiri their lodgings spill over into Limassol, a Greek and Turkish port where 13,000 Britons constitute no less than one third of the population.

In Limassol new shopping centres, looking British and prosperous, have arisen in the clear Mediterranean air. Around the monster NAAFI supermarket (the same assortment of baked beans, cornflakes, and butter as at Sainsbury's) Greek merchants have built gleaming new shops, offering toys, fishing equipment, and fish and chips. All over Limassol there are new discotheques.

Cyprus does well out of the bases. They put about £19 millions a year into Makarios's coffers. Akrotiri alone employs 13,000 Cypriots and keeps happy a small army of car dealers. The day the forces abolished the old marriage allowance and put everyone on a regular wage "The young men were in town queuing up for their Alfa Romeos," a major said, with disapproval. New cars

are duty free, and can be taken back home without duty after a year. An ordinary aircraftman without special skills earns £150 a month after tax, of which £35 goes on rent. His wife may also be earning. But its the special skills and the stripes that bring in the good money.

The luckiest of the Cypriots in Limassol are fathers of daughters. When daughter is still in nappies father gets a bank loan to build her a dowry house. Before the first repayment is due he has visited the Forces' letting office and signed the lease that takes care of interest and repayment until the daughter is ready for the house. They are fine houses with three bedrooms at least, cavernous fitted wardrobes, and astonishingly ornate tiles in the lavatory.

The letting office is on the Ring Road. Limassol's father-landlords have doubled the town's size in the past few years, so now the Ring Road runs through the middle.

At the Base I toured the runways and dispersal points and hangers with Group-Captain Beavis (OC Flying). The control tower's patter was relayed to his car radio, giving him a chance to put his word in.

A Lightning just in from Singapore burst a tyre and squatted immobile on the single runway, with four other Lightnings coming in close behind. In an instant they had prepared to divert to Nicosia; in another instant they had worked out that the other Lightnings would just have room to come alongside. Later it was discussed coolly, without old boyishness, over Double Diamond and Scotch in the Mess. Here, Britain seems to have come into the twentieth century without losing its Britishness. The whole base is like a controlled adventure in communications; it has more in common with a space station than a fortress.

Akrotiri is not exactly part of NATO, as its PROs never tire of explaining. Britain operates it

partly for itself and partly for CENTO, which includes Turkey, Iran, and half heartedly, Pakistan. It keeps open the British routes to the Far East and extends the bank of NATO. Thanks to CENTO British planes can fly from the Mediterranean to Singapore passing only over allied territory. The C-in-C at Akrotiri also commands a squadron of Canberra in Malta and two staging posts in Oman.

As other places fold Cyprus becomes more important, or at least better equipped. The Lightning F6s on a one-way trip from Singapore replace the older F6s here. There was a similar upgrading when they closed down Libya and no doubt there will be more if Malta folds as well.

Will Cyprus ever fold? It is hard to imagine it. The 99 square miles of sovereign British bases have no visible frontier with the rest of the island. Cypriots can go in and out (they have to, anyway, to drive from Limassol to Paphos). It administers its own justice, health, welfare, and discipline. It maintains what the Whitehall image-builders call a "low profile."

The Communists of Cyprus are ideologically unhappy about the bases, but they are practical people. Playing along with the entrenched rule of the Orthodox Church they might as well tolerate a lucrative imperialist base. But because of them, and to save the Archbishop's feelings, the PROs get irritated when people call it a NATO base. ("There is no NATO declared equipment or force on the island"); or when anyone dwells on Akrotiri's rôle in enhancing the nuclear capacity of CENTO member-countries, as a Defence White Paper once suggested. The reference has quietly disappeared from more recent White Papers.

Perhaps the best guarantee for Akrotiri is that there is no such thing as a Cypriot. There are only Greeks and Turks, neither of whom will concede the island to the other.

A further step required

Sir,—Your Churches Correspondent reports that relations between the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches took a vital step forward this week as a result of the work of a commission set up two years ago by the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Surely, the most pressing problem facing His Holiness and His Grace is the state of permanent hatred and mistrust between Roman Catholic and Anglican in Ulster. And surely the two Divines should address themselves, in person, to this problem now. It does not appear that their followers are aware of the "vital step forward"—which phrase has a horribly empty sound unless accompanied by the sort of action which Christ would undoubtedly have taken long since.—Yours faithfully,

Nicholas Holmes.
Crookham Common,
Newbury, Berks.

Sir,—Agreement seems to be growing that part of the solution to the problem of Ulster would be the introduction of proportional representation in its elections.

Whilst I have no doubt that this is true, I feel bound to ask whether it might not also be a solution to some of the problems of the rest of the United Kingdom? It would, after all, be an anomaly to have one system of voting in one part of the UK and another in the rest. Are the MPs elected by Ulster to Westminster also to be elected by PR?

Is it less important in England, Wales and Scotland to ensure that minorities have adequate representation? Or do we have to start shooting each other first?

We are shortly to have a major reorganisation of local government. Might it not be a reasonable and sound policy to introduce PR into local elections to ensure that the new local authorities really represent all sections of the community?—Yours faithfully,
J. Stewart Cook.
37 Frances Road, Windsor.

Wrong diagnosis TO THE EDITOR

Sir,—Elizabeth Hoodless of Community Service Volunteers in your issue of September 9 was both right and wrong. Her letter, called for the retooling of welfare establishments to enable more volunteers to be used. She is right to assert that staff will not stay long in hospitals for the subnormal—or as local authorities know, in hostels for the mentally subnormal or recovering mentally ill. Training centres have faced similar problems. Staff stay only a short while for obvious reasons: the work can be unpleasant, stress-inducing and above all is underpaid.

Miss Hoodless is wrong to suggest volunteers as the exclusive cure for this ill. They have a rôle in the short-term and in particular areas (London, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow etc.). But the real answer to the problem is to improve the working conditions of staff supporting those with mental disorders and subnormality.

Foremost among the conditions of employment needing improvement is the rate of pay of such staff. The hospital service and local government should give immediate attention to the matter. It would be quite wrong to use volunteers (themselves so badly paid it

isn't true) as cheap labour in an attempt to impose a phoney long-term solution to the problem.

By all means give the professional staff most intimately involved proper semi-skilled and unskilled aid—but, for the sake of all concerned, not cheap labour please.—Yours faithfully,

David Collins.
9 Mounthatten Avenue,
Higham,
Rochester, Kent.

Sir,—I write in support of Elizabeth Hoodless, who suggests a more extensive use of young volunteer workers in hospitals in support of qualified staff.

As a patient, I have witnessed how a student, waiting entry to university, can be trained in the basic bedside skills, although he is not entering any medically oriented profession nor had he any prior training in first-aid. The ward sister determined that students prefer the latter posts.—Yours faithfully,

A. R. Jones.
43 Salisbury Road,
Harrow.

Danger in our gardens

Sir,—A recent article by your science correspondent, and Dr Lawson's letter of September 7, emphasise the persistence of DDT and other noxious chemicals in the environment, in spite of their having been banned for agricultural use for some years. No one seems to have commented on the fact that compounds containing DDT, BHC, lindane and other dangerous substances are still widely available in horticultural suppliers, and, although the containers are labelled "for garden use only" they can be purchased in comparatively large amounts. When the number of gardens,

large and small, throughout this country is taken into account surely the use of these substances in them represents a hazard of considerable dimensions? Also it becomes increasingly difficult to obtain supplies of harmless substances such as sulphur for use against mildew, or of insecticides based on quassia, derris or pyrethrum, that are free from dangerous additives. Why cannot the ban on DDT and other persistent chemicals not be made total?—Yours faithfully,

Averil Lysaght.
6 Cumberland Gardens,
W.C.1.

A singular plight

Sir,—On the site of the once famous Great West Road roadhouse "The Ace of Spades," it is announced that a "400 double bedroomed hotel" is to be built. (My italics.) Well, now it is said openly and honestly. We despised solo travellers are left in no doubt just how despicable and unwanted we are. No room at the inn for those without spouse, lover, colleague, buddy or some form of bedroom mate!

Over the years this trend, this apparent dislike of the single sojourner has become more and more pronounced. It is hard enough not being neatly "packaged" in a tour, but to travel and stay quite alone is apparently looked upon as perverse if not downright kinky. Even tour operators discourage such individuals.

"No single rooms here. I'm afraid." Where a few do exist there are quite savage "charge/supplements" which increase yearly as the supply diminishes.

And yet I am certain that there are many of us who do travel, or would like to travel, in such fashion, or even if in company desire the right to personal accommodation. Would there be any travel/tour operator or hotelier prepared to go out on a limb, to show a little originality and initiative and arrange Single Room/Person Tours and Accommodation?

Perhaps even a hotel where we singletons might hear the desk clerk or telephonist say "only very few double rooms left, but they are all gone." It would be a most pleasurable reversal of the reception we usually receive.—Yours faithfully,

E. F. Budge.
4 Holly Mount,
Hamstead,
London NW2.

Samuel Pepys*
the sherry
with a
head on it

*Regd. Trade Mark for
Superb Sherry only at

Sam's
Chop House

Back Pool Fold, Manchester, 2.

SAMUEL PEPYS
Regd.

MIS

gold

national executive
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Christopher Roper
Uruguay after
the Jackson affair
Kidnap
kudos

When Mr Geoffrey Jackson, British Ambassador to Uruguay, was kidnapped in January, public opinion was outraged mainly because of a inability to equate the kidnapping of a diplomat with the kidnapping of a person of institutional importance. But one has to remember that Uruguay has been governed unconsciously through a virtual dictatorship since 1973. President Bordaberry, who came to power following the military death of his predecessor, President Oscar Gestoni.

Political parties have been banned, hundreds of people have been arrested and held without trial. The necessary Tupamaro activities, newspapers have been permanently closed down for suggesting that the peso might have to be devalued. Students have been shot during demonstrations. Thousands of workers have been sacked illegally, and parliamentary authority has been virtually set aside.

In these circumstances, the opposition does not feel too concerned about institutional order. To kidnap Jackson was to demonstrate the power of the regime. The President and the tiny clique surrounding him. Visiting Uruguay in July, it was almost impossible to find an intellectually respectable supporter of the Government. The regime survives with the support of the police and the majority of Uruguayans still believe that it is possible to get through the general elections in November and, hopefully, to have a better Government next March, when the new President will be installed.

THE London underground—people, not passengers—is to mount a rival festival to the National Festival of Light takes to Hyde Park in a fortnight's time. Their "Festival of Life" is planned to attract 10,000 people to expose the real obscenities of this world. To the expected 100,000 moral revolutionaries on the same ground. On paper at least, the occasion should generate a blinding outburst of enlightenment.

The first phase of the underground counter-movement came with Operation Rupert on Thursday night when shouting Gay Liberation supporters and bogus nuns added the son to the lumiere of the Festival of Light's inaugural rally at Central Hall, Westminster. Rupert, the cartoon bear whose sexual tastes as interpreted by the magazine "OZ" provoked much discussion at the recent trial, will be rearing his head again at Light rallies throughout the country during the next fortnight.

The Central Hall rally marked the first open confrontation between a "straight" army of the conventional morality and an organised counter culture. Underground groups which never sought mutual solidarity until the "OZ" trial banded together to organise the Rupert incidents and have now formed the nucleus of an "anti-repression" movement.

John Windsor on back and front lashes after the big morality festival

Darkness in our light

Festival of Life will protest at the increasingly apparent symptoms of fascism growing in this country. The Festival of Light is people trying to get into thought control. It's the start of a right-wing backlash and we're very frightened of it.

The "OZ" trial put the whole underground against the wall and produced incredible anger. But when the underground came together for Operation Rupert it was a coming together of many different groups and many different moralities. We can live together because we see each other's light. But we see the light of the other Festival as something which does not include tolerance and leads to aggression.

As a brighter-than-thou gesture, he explained that the Festival of Life would be a "celebration of human non-violent joy. We want to be humorous and serious at the same time. We feel strongly that the real obscenities like half a million children starving now in India should be put forward."

We shall be mounting various events in Hyde Park and want to involve as many people as possible. People should be able to get both points of view and we hope they will see us as sincere, intelligent, worried people and not the devils we are made out to be.

In spite of the military favour of much of their literature, with its "battles" and "positive stands" for truth, the organisers of the Festival of Light, backed by Malcolm Muggeridge, Mary Whitehouse and associates, clearly do not welcome the prospect of continuing confrontation.

Mr Steve Stevens, one of the Light's two honorary secretaries, said: "There is completely the wrong way of doing it. If they think they have a point of view to express, why don't they organise their own events without breaking down the other?" He also made it clear that he thought that in a free country they had a right to do what they liked.

It would be hard to pigeon-hole the Festival of Light as an overtly Establishment venture. The major Churches have conspicuously refused their blessing. Peter Hill, its founder, is a young missionary who after returning from India last year found himself

"shocked" by naked bodies on posters and mini-skirts and after much meditation sought out the big names among the Old Morality and enlisted their support. But the underground remains deeply suspicious. Already the mildly parasitic rumours and images which characterise a deep social schism are embedding themselves in their minds. The Rupert man said: "We would like to know where all their money is coming from. Someone told me that the rally reminded them of Nuremberg."

The Gays see the impending conflict in less ideologically fraught terms. Martin, a 26-year-old homosexual actor (resting) was sporting a cut eye yesterday as he went about his Gay Liberation work. He was involved in the rally protest which was initiated by Gay Lib at an underground meeting a week ago and consisted of a dozen succeeding "turns" involving a dozen different groups, a cast of about 150—not all active—football rattle, stink bombs, 24 white mice and other props.

He said: "Our turn was number seven. We did our thing after number six. It just makes me sick to talk about those people—straight as hell with their white shirts and hypocrisy. I was set upon by two heavies, one either side. They threw me down the stairs and I got butted in the eye on purpose. They were pretty rough but they got frightened and let me go when I started shouting. I can shout rather loudly."

Mary Whitehouse and Muggeridge: festival backers

Simon Hoggart on workers' self-help in Northern Ireland

One site of promise

BALLYMURPHY is not an unpleasant place. It stands at the foot of the mountains surrounding Belfast, and its streets are clean bright and open. If it were not for the broken bricks, bottles, and burnt out barricades which tend to litter it from time to time, the visitor might imagine himself on a pleasant council estate perhaps in the north of England.

Unfortunately it has an unemployment rate among males over 16 of 47 per cent, and the visitor would be well advised to keep clear of the gun battles which occasionally break out at night. These are not conditions which make an industrialist eager to start work there, and until recently there was no sign that the 24,000 people who live on the estate were ever going to get a chance to move out of the vicious spiral they are stuck on.

However, a group of local people held a meeting just after the last serious riots and decided to solve the problem themselves. With the help of a Belfast solicitor, an architect, and one of their own priests they plan to found their own factory site, on a 10-acre plot of farming land ironically made useless by the rioting.

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The group is forming now into a non-profit-making friendly society which will raise the money to found a cooperative. They need at least £50,000 to begin with, and with this they hope to buy the land and make a start on the first factory. They then want to show industrialists that local feeling behind the site will be enough to make it safe and secure.

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Senator Kennedy outside Central Middlesex Hospital yesterday

Senator Kennedy began his five-day on-the-spot examination of the British health service yesterday—a "blitz" visit, as one rather bemused doctor put it.

Teddy on the national health

Dennis Barker sees Senator Kennedy playing high-powered hospital visitor

There are four or five areas within the US where the health system is breaking down, but the most significant are in the delivery to the patient and the financing of the system. It is in these areas where we are interested in terms of your experience here.

There were also others, like a "critical" shortage of medical manpower coupled with a reluctance to use auxiliary personnel. There were conscious attempts to reverse this. Two universities were using returned medical corps men from Vietnam. One scheme with 84 places had received 3,600 applications.

MISCELLANY

Paper gold

LABOUR's national executive is meaning the finances of the European Movement, which supplies most of the pro-market propaganda. The movement is all-party, chaired by the Tory Lord Hareich and supported by the Labour Ernest Wistreich.

Money is allocated equally for Labour and Conservative pro-market activity. One of the happy recipients is the Labour Committee for Europe, which is under attack for accepting money from big business and so lending itself to corporate pressure.

Lord, Lord

AND THE FOOLISH delegates forgot their tickets... Colonel Robert Hornby, sometime public relations adviser to the Archbishop of Canterbury, arrived without a card at the Lord Mayor's reception in Manchester Town Hall for the YWA conference.

As he was leaving, he saw an old friend, Simon Phipps, the Bishop of Horsham, and explained his predicament. "My good man," the bishop asked the doorman, "will you take my word as a bishop?" Although the bishop was in the purple and plainly authentic, the doorman replied: "My lord, your word is not good enough. He must have a ticket."

Standard rate

A FIERCE ATTACK in the London "Evening Standard" last night on Ray Bellisario, royal photographer without warrant, for "consistently snooping through hedges into private gardens and poking lenses into children's faces."

And who used his professional offering alone in future. After the bump, this picture, exclusive on the front page yesterday morning? Who but the "Standard's" stablemate the "Daily Express"? Perhaps Max Aitken should stop trying to conciliate in Salisbury and start nearer home.

High chinks

VISITORS TO the offices of the Chinese Chargé d'Affaires in Portland Place are always scrutinised through the spy hole in the front door before it is opened wide, but this week some have been surprised by the appearance of an oriental face through the skylight above the door.

Nothing, it turns out, to do with security. Just a do-it-yourself diplomat who happens to be redecorating his hall of the elegant house. Visitors who have business at the office are ushered into the hall by a young man spattered with paint and "Polyilla," while other blue-clothed comrades peep from behind step ladders.

Ever slept with a continental?

If you haven't, you don't know what you're missing. Under a Slumberdown continental quilt you'll discover the new, free and permissive way of sleeping. With no more heavy blankets to weigh you down. And no more fighting the bedclothes trying to relax.

Instead, there's all the soft, seductive warmth of natural down and feather snuggling you gently to sleep. And in the morning there's another dream to wake up to—no more tiresome bedmaking.

All you do is puff up the pillow, smooth out the bottom sheet and swish up the Slumberdown. And that's it. All over in 18 seconds.

Try one at bedtime. It's the new experience in bed.

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Surrender to its warm embrace

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Thought of collecting maps?

By REX COWAN

Family finance

ALTHOUGH more and more people are claiming to be the first of a new breed, it is quite clear from the large number of unit trusts and investors who are still buying in their shares that the market has been dominated by equity investment. Increasingly, in fact, they are looking for alternative and more secure forms of investment in which their savings will be protected.

One such alternative type of investment, likely to keep pace with inflation, is the collecting of antique maps and atlases. A few years ago, the collecting of antique maps was a hobby, but now it has become a serious pursuit. The market for antique maps has risen in the prices paid for the most antique maps.

Printed maps and atlases, first produced during the 15th century, were among the earliest forms of graphic art, providing a crude means of depicting the world. The earliest maps, printed on crudely cut wooden blocks and later from engraved copper plates, abound with ornate illustrations. Sea monsters, winged figures, and other fantastic creatures fill the seas. Fierce animals, exotic flora, and churches litter the land, and elaborate cartouches and coats of arms conveniently fill any empty spaces.

The period 1450-1650 has been called the great flowering of the cartographer as an artist, and it is the maps from this era which command the highest prices and appreciate in value most rapidly.

Printed maps and charts are found either in complete atlases and coasting pilots originally produced, or separately extracted from

volumes "broken" by dealers, which has enabled the casual buyer or collector to purchase only those maps which are of topographical interest to him.

The value of maps depends upon a number of factors. Chiefly, the geographical area, and whether the colour applied (although many maps are uncoloured) after printing is contemporary or modern. Unlike collecting antiques or paintings, it is possible for the collector to acquire fairly easily, the elementary knowledge to enable him to discriminate between maps, assess their condition by examination, make a rough guess about colouring, and complete an intelligent purchase.

A number of easily read books suitable for the amateur collector are available, and after picking the brains of a reputable dealer, a shrewd investor should know enough to date and identify an original map, and to know which geographical areas are the most important and fashionable. This last point is vital.

In the past five years, the prices asked for maps of popular places like the Southern Counties, Cornwall, North America and the Holy Land, have almost quadrupled, whereas those from unwanted and unpopular areas such as China, Russia and Russia have hardly increased, even though they may be rare or beautiful and by important cartographers.

Concentration on an area also means acquiring more specialised knowledge to help in assessing and comparing prices asked by dealers. Entire collections sometimes fetch a higher price than the aggregate of separately sold maps.

The collector/investor will find that, not only has

he acquired a number of beautiful and informative works of art whose value, if present trends continue, will more than keep pace with inflation, but he will also probably end up with a delightful, if obsessive hobby.

Two examples at random illustrate the financial part. In 1961, a good first edition of John Speed's "English County Atlas," complete sold for £360, in 1965 for £870, and in 1969 for £2,400.

In 1968 I bought a fine contemporary coloured copy of "The Travels of Abraham in the Holy Land" by Abraham Ortelius for £20. This week I saw a similar copy for sale by the same dealer marked £100. Dealers' mark-ups are high, sometimes up to 100 per cent,

which makes selling maps to dealers more difficult. However, the demand for good maps is quite high, and little trouble should be met in disposing of maps by private or auction sales, at more advantageous prices.

Observance of a few simple rules should minimise the risk of burnt fingers:-

1. Buy from a well known and reputable dealer, and ask his advice. Save the bargain hunting until you are more expert.
2. Concentrate on a popular, well defined geographical area, the sort of maps a dealer is always seeking.
3. Buy the rarer good condition early maps by important cartographers, even though they may appear expensive. They are more likely to appreciate faster.
4. Shop around the dealers. There is often quite a wide range of prices for similar maps. "e.g. 'Investing in Maps', Roger Baynton Williams, Barrie and Rockett.

Africa, its flora and fauna as a cartographer saw it in 1540



Now at £60,000,000, the Abbey Property Bond Fund is bigger than all the others put together. That's why we can give you a stake in the best properties around.

Mortgages—some conclusions on deductions

By WILLIAM NURSAW

ANOTHER LAST article which earned a headline "How to mine the mortgage goldfield" provoked many letters from readers, some by telephone calls. Clearly there are lots of folk who have seen their mortgage free houses in value and their more or less fixed incomes shattered by inflation. More than anything else they seek an income.

Some of my readers were previously unaware that fixed mortgages were available for the taking, based on a 6½ mortgage rate.

In my article I stressed that taxation was something which had just been taken into account, but I overlooked the full operation of Section 19 of the Finance Act 1969 and I am grateful for the interested readers who wrote to me accordingly.

This section, which seems to be the product of angry politicians, is rather complicated, indeed the Revenue has issued a 10,000-word pamphlet on the operation of the section. It is dated March 1970 and the reference is LR.11.

For the purpose of this article, however, the main consequence of the section is that the interest on any loan or mortgage or overdraft is from May 6, 1969 no longer an allowable deduction for tax purposes, unless the overdraft, loan or mortgage interest is for the purpose of the purchase or extension of a house.

If you already own a house the interest on any mortgage or loan you raise on the house is not a deduction for tax purposes as you are not buying a house.

Another worry expressed by readers is the uncertain term of the fixed mortgage. I mentioned one building society which offered fixed terms of four years and stated that such mortgages were normally renewed for only two terms.

This means eight years with a longer period not definitely excluded. However, after eight years if house prices continue to rise similarly to the past eight years, your house will be worth 60 per cent more in eight years' time and you can raise more on a mortgage of a new house.

And you will not be changing your house more than the full turnover of houses for sale.

Another point of interest is that Home Reversions Limited, a Julian Hodge company of 31 Windsor Place, Cardiff CF1 3UT, has written to inform me that within the past few weeks it has reopened the scheme which it abandoned some years back.

Under this scheme the house is purchased by Home Reversions Limited from older folk (they must be 65 or over). They grant to the husband and wife a joint life and survivorship annuity and allow them to stay on as tenants for their joint lives, paying a nominal rent of £1 per month and being responsible for repairs.

The annuity rates are not, however, competitive, as the whole transaction is a package deal. Taking a house which the Hodge surveyors value at £7,500, the joint annuity for a man aged 72 and a wife of 70 is £252 (capital content £168, and the nominal rent payable is £12 p.a.).

One large life office quotes for £7,500 an annuity rate for the man of 72 of £1,267 (capital content £758) and for a joint annuity for the ages mentioned of £228.76 (capital content £469). However in my do-it-yourself case you would not get a loan of £7,500, only £66—£5,000 and this utilised the purchase of a joint annuity for similar ages would produce approximately £615 per annum of which £510 is the capital content.

Against this the loan interest will amount to approximately £425 or £260 after full tax relief, but you would not have to pay rent and the house would on your death belong to your next of kin subject to the mortgage.

Property Bonds have now become a fully accepted and successful method of investment. None more so than Abbey Property Bonds.

So much so that, at the time of writing, our fund stands at £60,000,000.

With this behind us we can purchase, on favourable terms, large individual properties costing millions of pounds each. (As illustrated by Arundel Towers, Southampton, shown on the right, which is valued at over £2,500,000.)

Most other funds just cannot afford such large transactions.

Obviously, investment on such a scale brings rewards on the same scale, both in growth and security.

In the last 12 months alone, Abbey Property Bonds rose in value by 12.25% (including the reinvested rental income net of tax). To achieve the same result a standard rate taxpayer would have required a gross income of 17.1% on his money.

In the same 12 months, investors continued to place an average of over £2 million with us each month.

Which should enable us to move on to even bigger and better things.

Security

The Abbey Property Bond Fund is the biggest and most successful in Britain. We have 30,000 Property Bond holders with an investment of £60 million.

Abbey Life itself, one of Britain's best known Life Assurance Companies, with assets exceeding £130 million, is a member of the £2,800 million ITT Group.

Built-in Life Assurance

As long as you hold Abbey Property Bonds, which are single premium life assurance policies, your life is assured automatically, at no extra cost.

In the event of your death the amount payable to your family will be either the current value of your Bonds, or, the amount shown on the life cover table on the application form - whichever is the greater.

Naturally, if you've withdrawn money from the Fund, the amount of life cover will be correspondingly less.

6½p.a. Tax Free

Provided you make a single investment of not less than £1,000 you may, if you wish, withdraw up to 6½% of the value of your Bond each year - entirely free from Income Tax and Capital Gains Tax.

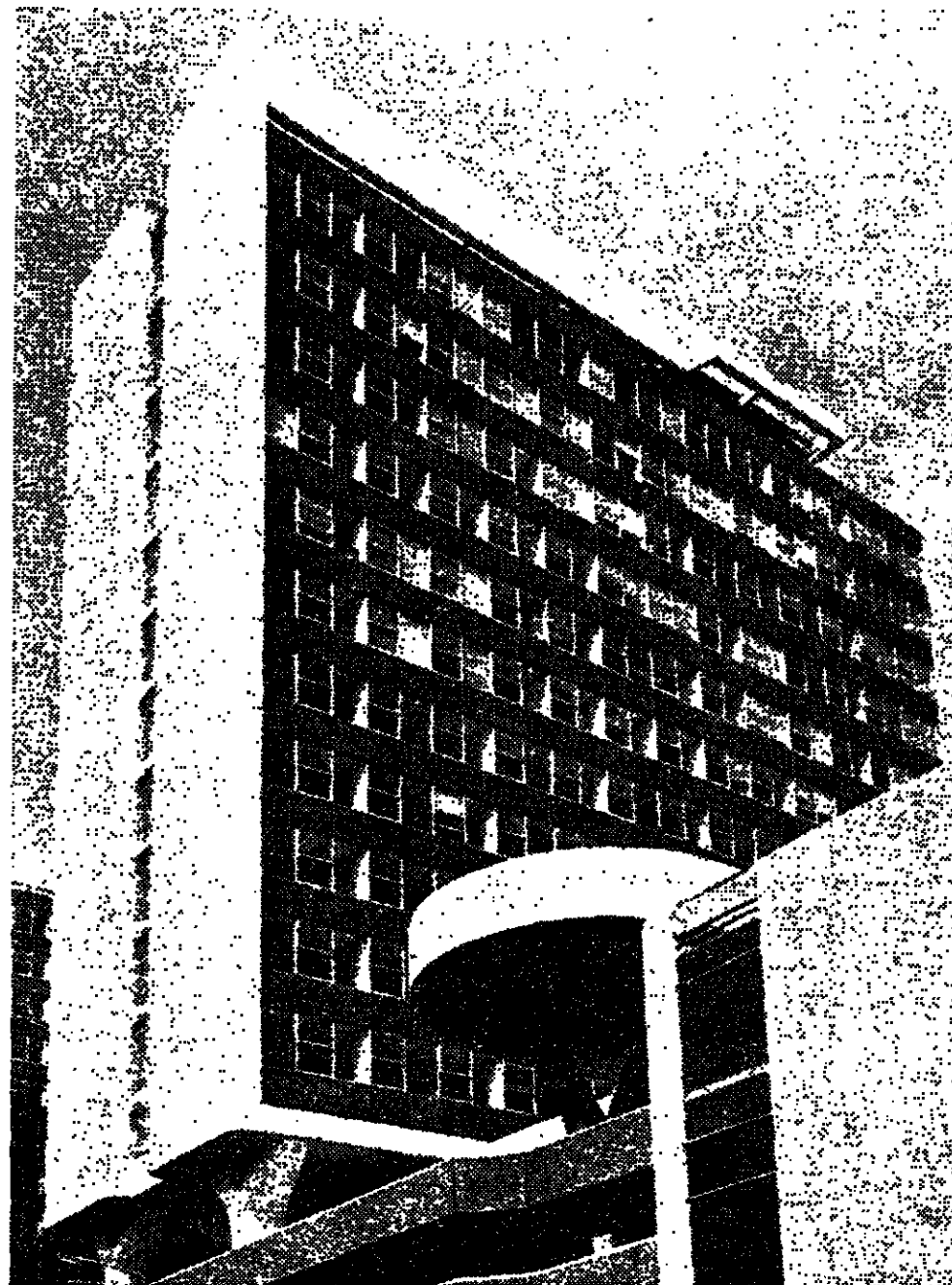
Provided total annual appreciation is not less than 6½%, your Bond would retain its original value (calculated at the offered price of the Units).

The annualised growth rate achieved has in fact exceeded 6½% since the Bonds were introduced.

Income Tax & Capital Gains Tax

With Abbey Property Bonds you have no personal liability to Income Tax or Capital Gains Tax either while you hold them or when you cash them. The Company is liable to income tax on the rental income, at the special Life Assurance Company rate - currently 37.5%.

The Company also makes a deduction where appropriate from the value of cashed-in units to cover its own Capital Gains Tax liabilities. These liabilities are not adjusted for in the Unit price but in present circumstances the Company limits the deduction to two-thirds of the full rate of tax.



Arundel Towers, Southampton. One of eight major properties in the Abbey Property Bond Fund with an aggregate value of £23,000,000.

Abbey Property Bonds

With so much behind us it's no wonder we're ahead.

To: Abbey Life Assurance Company Limited, Abbey Life House, 1-3 St. Paul's Churchyard, London, EC4M 8AR. Tel: 01-248 9111

I wish to invest £_____ in Abbey Property Bonds (any amount from £100) and I enclose a cheque for this amount payable to Abbey Life Assurance Company Limited.

Surname (Mr./Mrs./Miss) _____
 Full First Name _____
 Address _____
 Occupation _____ Date of Birth _____
 Are you in good physical and mental health and free from the effects of any previous illness or accident? _____

If not, please give details _____

Do you already hold Abbey Property Bonds or Abbey Equity Bonds or another Abbey Life Policy? _____

Tick here for 6½% Withdrawal Plan* (minimum single investment £1,000) ☐

★ Send in your application and cheque now to get the benefit of Units allocated at the current offer price of £1.20. Offer closes on Thursday September 23.

Signature _____ Date _____

Age when buying Abbey Property Bonds

Age when buying Abbey Property Bonds	Life Cover per £100 invested
Under 30	£250
30-34	£220
35-39	£180
40-44	£160
45-49	£135
50-54	£120
55-59	£110
60-64	£105
65-69	£100

*Commission of 1½% will be paid on any Application bearing the stamp of a Bank, Insurance Broker, Stockbroker, Accountant or Solicitor. This Commission is not payable on large sums received by the Company exceeding £50,000. The application and life cover comes into force only upon acceptance by the Company, and the life cover may be rescinded.

Surtax

Surtax payers are liable to surtax (or higher rate tax after 1973) when they cash in or on death, depending on their surtax situation at the time of cashing in. There are a number of provisos which enable a surtax payer to reduce, and possibly eliminate, the liability and very high surtax payers should contact Abbey Life for precise details.

Investment Policy

The Abbey Property Bond Fund is invested in top industrial and commercial properties with really sound tenants. To name but a few - National Westminster Bank, Esso Chemicals, The Post Office, W. H. Smith, American Express, IPC and Boots. The Property Division of Hambros Bank are the Fund Managers.

Because the value of some types of properties were lower during 1970, some particularly attractive purchases with very good long-term growth prospects were made.

The Fund also buys sites and constructs its own buildings in conjunction with approved developers. Naturally, this is only undertaken with letting of the completed properties guaranteed in advance. Up to 25% of the Fund can be applied in this way.

Regular Valuations

The Fund Managers carry out a valuation of the Fund's properties once a month.

These valuations are independently audited by Richard Ellis & Son, Chartered Surveyors. Unit prices are published daily in leading national newspapers.

Cashing in Your Bonds

To pay for life cover and management expenses, Abbey Life charges 5% - which is included in the offer price. Plus a small rounding-off price adjustment.

After that charges total only three-eighths per cent a year.

All expenses of managing, maintaining, and valuing the properties as well as the cost of buying and selling the Fund's investments, are met by the Fund itself.

Low Charges

You can normally cash in your Bonds at any time and receive the full bid value of the Units, subject only to any adjustment for Capital Gains Tax, as described earlier.

In exceptional circumstances the Company retains the right to defer payment for up to six months pending realisation of properties.

However, the Company maintains adequate liquid resources, similar to that of building societies, so in normal circumstances there should be no delay in cashing in.

Disclosure of Information

As a Bondholder, you'll receive our Annual Report with full details of the entire Portfolio.

This includes photographs of the major properties. And full financial information to let you see exactly how your money is invested.

As a new Bondholder you'll receive a current Annual Report with your Bonds.

How to Invest

Fill in and post off the completed application form, together with your cheque.

As soon as it's accepted, you receive your Bonds which show the number of Units you've been allocated in the Abbey Property Bond Fund.

YOUR SAVINGS EARN 11%

SAFELY AND SOUNDLY WITH J. T. GREENWOOD LIMITED. Established 1877

Minimum deposit £50.
 Minimum period of deposit 12 months.
 Variable rate 11% interest & monthly interest.
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ENTERTAINMENTS GUIDE

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
Kensington, S.W.7

TCHAIKOVSKY

Swan Lake Suite
Overture "1812"
Cannon and Mortar Effects
BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
THIS BAND OF THIS SCOTS GUARDS
MAURICE HANFORD COLIN HORSLEY
Tickets: 30p, 60p, 80p, £1.10, £1.50 (01-589 8212) and Agents

VICTOR HOFMEISTER presents SUNDAY, SEPT. 26th, at 7.30
OV. FINGALS CAVE - MENDELSSOHN
L'APRES-MIDI D'UN FAUNE - DEBUSSY
PIANO CONCERTO No. 2 - RACHMANINOV
"NEW WORLD" SYMPHONY - DVORAK

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
VILEM TAUSKY
Tickets: 30p, 60p, 80p, £1.10, £1.50 (01-589 8212) and Agents

VICTOR HOFMEISTER presents SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, at 7.30
VIENNESE NIGHT
Overture: Die Fledermaus Johann Strauss
Tales from the Vienna Woods Johann Strauss
A Thousand and a Night Johann Strauss
Unfinished Symphony Johann Strauss
Radeky's March Johann Strauss
BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conductor: VILEM TAUSKY
Tickets: 30p, 60p, 80p, £1.10, £1.50 (01-589 8212) and Agents

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
South Bank of the Thames General Manager: John Denton, C.B.E.

LENINGRAD
PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th at 7.30
PROKOFIEV: Suite Romeo and Juliet
BROOKHOFF: Symphony No. 9
TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5
Owing to the indisposition of YEVGENY MRAYNSKY, the
concerts will be conducted by ARVID YANSONS.
Please note change of programmes.

TICKETS: 75p £1.00 £1.50 £2.00 £3.00 from Hall (01-928 3191) and agents.

HAYDN-MOZART SOCIETY, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, at 8

LONDON MOZART PLAYERS
Conductor: HARRY BLECH
Symphony No. 40 (Passion) ... Haydn
Overture, "Coriolanus" ... Beethoven
Piano Concerto in C, K. 503 ... Mozart

JOHN LILL
John Lill is a very serious, profound musician, an already-formed master
with a lofty view of emotion and an impeccable technique. - N. of G.

WED. 22nd HALL 8 p.m.
James Loughran
Shura Cherkassky
S. A. Gornitsky Ltd. £1.50, £1.25, £1.00, 75p, 50p

CENTRAL HALL, Westminster
TONIGHT (SATURDAY) at 7.30 p.m.
Last appearance prior to a tour
of the U.S.A. and Canada by
PENDYRUS MALE CHOIR
Musical Director: Glynn Jones
Accompanist: Bryan Davies
Solely by the Choir
Tickets: £1.00, 75p, 50p from Central Hall (01-550 4259) or at doors.
Management: NORMAN MCCANN Ltd.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Square, SW 1. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, at 7.30

Part of the Group Opening Concert 1971/2 "Visions"

COMMÉMORATION CONCERT
JOSQUIN DES PRES & STRAVINSKY
1445-1521 1882-1971
CANTORES IN ECCLESIA MICHAEL HOWARD director
Tickets: £1.00, 80p, 60p, 40p, from Chappell's (01-629 7603)

WEDNESDAY, 15 September, 7.45 p.m.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra Silver Jubilee Concert

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
SIR ADRIAN BOULT CLIFFORD CURZON piano
MOZART Overture, The Marriage of Figaro
BEETHOVEN Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor)
HOLST The Planets
AS including Celebration Dinner: £25 - all others sold

WEDNESDAY, 16th September, 7.45 p.m.

Overture in D in the Italian Style
Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor
Adagio for strings
Symphony No. 39 in E flat K.543

WEDNESDAY, 16th September, 7.45 p.m.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
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THEATRES

ADOLPH (1936 7611). Even. 7.30.
The Musical of a Lifetime
SHOW BOAT
With the Imperial Sound of
JOHN & KATHARINE
ALDWYCH. 836 6404.
SSC's 1971/2 London Season
Elliott's THE MAN OF MODE
Mon. 7.30, Tues. & Wed. 7.30, Sat. 7.30, Sun. 7.30.
Thurs. & Fri. 7.30, Sat. 10.15, Sun. 10.15.
MUSIC CORPS' ENEMIES (1971)
Mon. 7.30, Tues. & Wed. 7.30, Sat. 7.30, Sun. 7.30.
Thurs. & Fri. 7.30, Sat. 10.15, Sun. 10.15.
AMARANTH (191-826 1171). Even. 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
AGATHA CHRISTIE
THE MOUSETRAP
NINETEENTH BREATHTAKING YEAR.
APOLLO (437 2065). Evenings 8.0.
Fri. & Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
"If we're not better, play this year
we'll be lucky."
FORGET-ME-NOT LANE
by PETER NICHOLS
AMSCROFT CROCODON. 688 6091.
Sundays 7.30, Tues. 8.30.
National Youth Theatre Production
TWELFTH NIGHT
CAMBRIDGE THEATRE (836 6096).
Evenings 8.0, Fri. & Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
Faulkner John Woodvine
IAN MCKELLEN as
HAMLET
"The Hamlet I've been waiting to
see - daily, in the theatre, not to be
missed."
COMEDY (931 3878). Even. 8.15, Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
Sundays 7.30, Tues. & Wed. 7.30, Sat. 7.30, Sun. 7.30.
There's a Girl in My Soup
LONGER RUNNING COMEDY
CRITERION (191-826 1171). Even. 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
ALAN BATES in BUTLEY
by Simon Gray. Dir. Harold Pinter.
DELIGHTS OF THE YEAR. E. Stan
ORRURY LANE (836 8108). Even. 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
"A SUNDAY MUSICAL. D. Tal
THE GREAT WALTZ
"A MUSICAL ROMANCE
"MUSICALLY ENJOYABLE."
DITCHES (836 8243). Evenings 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
"It's true it is. Sun. THE
DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN
"An evening of superb comedy
"THE LITTLE WOMEN AND THE
FUNNIER THAN BOTH."
DOVE OF YORK (191-826 1171). Even. 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
"The Jockey Club Stakes"
"An evening of superb comedy
"THE LITTLE WOMEN AND THE
FUNNIER THAN BOTH."
DON'T START WITHOUT ME
GARRICK. 836 4601. Red. price 9p.
view. Tues. 8.30, Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
BRIAN RIX ALFRED MARKS
"DON'T JUST LIE THERE,
SAY SOMETHING!"
CLOUSE (437 1592). Evenings 7.30
ALAN BATES as KEAN
A Comedy by Jean-Paul Sartre
Hilary Comedy, evening sensation. UK
HAMPSHIRE THEATRE CLUB. 920 1171.
Sundays 7.30, Tues. & Wed. 7.30, Sat. 7.30, Sun. 7.30.
PRINCIPAL EDWARDS M A G I C
HAYMARKET (930 0832). Even. 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
"A Voyage Round My Father"
by JOHN MORTIMER

THEATRES

HER MAJESTY'S (930 6061). 7.30.
(Hale. Wed. & Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30).
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
also starring Spats Murphy. Sun. Year.
MUSIC CORPS' ENEMIES (1971)
Mon. 7.30, Tues. & Wed. 7.30, Sat. 7.30, Sun. 7.30.
Thurs. & Fri. 7.30, Sat. 10.15, Sun. 10.15.
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HER MAJESTY'S (930 6061). 7.30.
(Hale. Wed. & Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30).
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
also starring Spats Murphy. Sun. Year.
MUSIC CORPS' ENEMIES (1971)
Mon. 7.30, Tues. & Wed. 7.30, Sat. 7.30, Sun. 7.30.
Thurs. & Fri. 7.30, Sat. 10.15, Sun. 10.15.
AMARANTH (191-826 1171). Even. 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
AGATHA CHRISTIE
THE MOUSETRAP
NINETEENTH BREATHTAKING YEAR.
APOLLO (437 2065). Evenings 8.0.
Fri. & Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
"If we're not better, play this year
we'll be lucky."
FORGET-ME-NOT LANE
by PETER NICHOLS
AMSCROFT CROCODON. 688 6091.
Sundays 7.30, Tues. 8.30.
National Youth Theatre Production
TWELFTH NIGHT
CAMBRIDGE THEATRE (836 6096).
Evenings 8.0, Fri. & Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
Faulkner John Woodvine
IAN MCKELLEN as
HAMLET
"The Hamlet I've been waiting to
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COMEDY (931 3878). Even. 8.15, Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
Sundays 7.30, Tues. & Wed. 7.30, Sat. 7.30, Sun. 7.30.
There's a Girl in My Soup
LONGER RUNNING COMEDY
CRITERION (191-826 1171). Even. 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
ALAN BATES in BUTLEY
by Simon Gray. Dir. Harold Pinter.
DELIGHTS OF THE YEAR. E. Stan
ORRURY LANE (836 8108). Even. 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
"A SUNDAY MUSICAL. D. Tal
THE GREAT WALTZ
"A MUSICAL ROMANCE
"MUSICALLY ENJOYABLE."
DITCHES (836 8243). Evenings 8.30.
Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.30.
"It's true it is. Sun. THE
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DON'T START WITHOUT ME
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THIS cast-iron tradition is to be imposed upon the unwilling and temporarily planked Tories of the Greater London Council. There is no cheaper alternative to these magnificent but expensive dolphin lamp-posts which stand beside the Thames.

If they want more dolphins — and London politicians would dare risk their reputations in pressing for the bland anonymity of a more modern design — they will have to swallow their pride for the sake of London's.

Six years ago, when in opposition, the Tories looked askance at the "waste" of ratepayers' money by the then Labour regime on 33 such dolphin lamp-posts at £1,300 apiece. A year ago, they realised that more were needed for extensions of the South Bank riverside walk, a cheaper alternative to the hand-made, cast-iron version on offer was sought.

But plastic or glass fibre imitations are simply not on, as the experts could not guarantee such moulded dolphins against disfigurement. The craftsmen are to be recalled after all to produce another 20 individual works of lighting art — but at a cost now of more than £2,000 each.

Judy Hillman

Foulness 'will not be used'

By our Planning Correspondent

Mr Anthony Crosland called on the Government last night for new air traffic forecasts and further assessments about the prospects of quieter engines and aircraft needing shorter runways before large sums of money were spent on the proposed third London airport at Foulness.

"Even if such an airport were needed, to put it at Foulness will be to guarantee its failure," he told a Labour meeting at Havering. "The airlines will simply not use it."

Mr Crosland, Shadow Minister for the Environment, criticised the choice of Foulness on the grounds that more homes would have to be destroyed to provide the necessary access routes than at the other short-listed sites; that it would cost more; and that the coastline would suffer. In addition, should a major seaport also be built, the resulting overcrowding and urbanisation would be disastrous.

This week Essex has produced a report showing that it could cope with the population pressures arising out of the airport, and even with the seaport, by building expensively on areas liable to flooding. But an associated major industrial complex would mean the use of top grade farming and green belt land.

Man killed in flats fall

Firemen yesterday rescued a man clinging to a cable outside a multi-storey block of flats after another man had been killed when he fell 120ft.

The two men were working in a crane on a mosaic 11 floors up at Wandsworth House, Central Avenue, Lambeth, Birmingham, when one of the ropes snapped. The man killed was Raffaele Tranquilli, aged 19, of Fox Hollies Road, Hall Green.

Sewell—new hunt for weapon

Murder squad detectives from Lancashire yesterday intensified their search near Tebay, Westmorland for a weapon which they believed was used in the Blackpool shooting of Superintendent Gerald Richardson.

Their search was renewed after a woman had been helping police in the search for Frederick Joseph Sewell, wanted in connection with the shooting.

A trail of stolen cars being followed by police searching for Sewell in the Midlands petered out in Birmingham yesterday. There was a queue outside

TUC parts in Ulster: indecision

By KEITH HARPER

TUC leaders left Blackpool yesterday still undecided what they will have to do with members who ignore them and stay on the Registrar's list under the Industrial Relations Act.

Within the next 10 days the TUC will be clarifying the position on registration, though Mr Jack Jones and Mr Hugh Scanlon have already left no doubt about their own attitudes. Is the TUC going to "strongly advise" or "instruct" members not to break the circle? Mr Vic Feather chose the light-hearted attitude in a knock-about end-of-conference speech in which he said: "We spoke with one voice, saying two things."

This time next year, the 104th Congress will be asked to deal with unions who disobey its instruction. The first union to be faced with the TUC ruling will be the General and Municipal Workers'. It is having a special congress in November, and now that the TUC line appears to be hardening, the GMPWU will probably delay a decision until its annual conference next year.

At their first post-congress meeting, the new General Council confirmed George Smith, the Woodworkers' leader, as this year's chairman. It delicately left the interpretation of the Congress decision on registration to the Finance and General

Purposes Committee on Monday week.

Debates have been so speeded up these past few days that Congress hardly had time to realise that it had agreed to increase affiliation fees from 8p to 10p a member from January. The question of South African trade was dealt with in ten minutes.

The most emotional speech in the final session came from Mr Andy Barr, the Ulster trade union leader, who successfully proposed a motion calling on the Government to introduce a bill of rights establishing the necessary guarantees for building up a fully democratic constitution.

Detention and internment must be opposed by all trade unionists, he declared. Mr Barr also demanded the immediate release of internees. "Solutions will not come from the barrel of a gun," he said. And why delay the recall of Parliament until September 22? It should be recalled immediately.

Partly as a result of its dissatisfaction at the press coverage of the Industrial Relations Act, Congress decided to set up a standing committee to report on the handling of trade union affairs on radio and television. With the help of the Association of Technicians, the TUC will be establishing a service of monitoring broadcasts.

Full reports, page 7; leader comment, page 10

Heath accused of 'damned insult'

By our Correspondent

The Prime Minister was the centre of angry and noisy scenes in the corridors of a Glasgow hotel yesterday afternoon.

After Mr Heath had spoken on the Scottish economy at a luncheon to which a wide cross-section of public figures had been invited, Mr George Younger, Joint Under Secretary of State at the Scottish Office, invited Mr Samuel Gilmore and Mr David Reid, redundant Clydebank members of the UCS shop stewards coordinating committee, to meet Mr Heath in Room 290.

With Mr Gilmore and Mr Reid went Mr Alec Kitson, senior official of the Transport and General Workers' Union who is treasurer of the Scottish TUC, and Mr Hugh McCartney, Labour MP for East Dumbarton.

And following them were another four Labour MPs, led by Dr John Dickson Mabon, MP for Greenock and a former Minister of State at the Scottish Office, who wanted to discuss with Mr Heath the TUC proposals for a Clydeside authority.

Members of this group were told, through an aide, that Mr Heath would not see them; there was a storm of protest and during angry scenes outside the door of room 290, Special Branch detectives and Downing Street press aides refused to allow reporters to mix with the shop stewards and MPs, whose voices attracted the attention of hotel guests and staff.

While the shop stewards awaited the bidding of the Prime Minister, Dr Mabon stormed out, saying: "I'm extremely annoyed. We wanted specifically to discuss UCS because Mr Heath's speech was a negative one. We bitterly resent this discourtesy by the Prime Minister. No Prime Minister has ever treated parliamentary colleagues like this before. We attended his lunch and were courteous to him, and now he is discourteous to us. It is very bad behaviour and we are quite disgusted. It is unforgivable."

Never before

"I have never known a Prime Minister to behave like this before. Neither Harold Macmillan nor Anthony Eden would have treated us like this. We are Mr Heath's parliamentary colleagues, not his inferiors."

When Mr Kitson and Mr McCartney left, the latter described the Prime Minister's attitude as "a damned insult."

Mr Heath spent 35 minutes with Mr Gilmore and Mr Reid, but when asked, as he left, about the talk he replied: "No comment." Mr Gilmore described the confrontation as "a waste of time."

Mr Heath's luncheon speech fell like a wet sponge on un-receptive ears, brought no murmur of reaction; indeed, for most of the time most of the audience of about 300 seemed to be gazing uncomfortably in all directions, as the Prime Minister read through the text of his draft with unrelieved diction.

The Prime Minister had arrived to a barrage of catcalls and placards held by redundant workers from the UCS yards, who had arrived in two buses. The placards said: "Give Heath an inch and he takes over a yard," "Mo(U)ning Cloud over the Clyde," and "We want shipyards, not graveyards."

When he stepped out of his car there was a chant of "Heath out."

STOP PRESS

PROVISIONALS READY FOR 'FINAL BLOW'

IRA Provisionals ready to deliver "final blow" for freedom of Ireland, their leader, Mr Joe Cahill, told cheering rally in Dublin last night. "We have the means to obtain freedom and we intend to obtain it this time," he said.

Blackpool magistrates' court two hours before the start of remand proceedings yesterday against four men accused of attempting to murder a policeman, and a woman charged with assisting Frederick Joseph Sewell. All five were brought into the dock together, and were remanded in custody to September 17.

PC Ian Hampson, shot in the jewel raid in which Supt. Richardson died, was driven from hospital in Blackpool yesterday by his wife, Audrey, to their semi-detached home in Hardhorn Road, Poulton le Fyde.

Lynch urged to join talks with Heath and Faulkner

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

The Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, Mr Jack Lynch, was urged yesterday by the Northern Opposition to take part in tripartite talks with the British Prime Minister, Mr Heath, and the Stormont Prime Minister, Mr Brian Faulkner.

Members of the Social Democratic and Labour Party and of the Northern Nationalist Party visited Mr Lynch during the evening and met with him, the Minister for Education, Mr Patrick Faulkner, and the Minister for Labour and Social Welfare, Mr Joseph Brennan, both of whom represent Border counties.

The Northern delegation, which included eight abstentionist MPs, was led by Mr John Hume, deputising for the SDLP leader, Mr Gerry Fitt, who is in a Dublin hospital and who has already welcomed the idea of tripartite talks.

Neither the Dublin Government nor the Northern Opposition leaders were prepared to elaborate on a simple statement which said that yesterday's meeting had taken place, but it was understood last night that the delegation had impressed upon Mr Lynch the importance of showing that he was willing to go on talking so long as there was any hope of even a slight easing of the Northern crisis.

Weight was added to this pressure by the leader of the Irish Labour Party, Mr Brendan Corish, who, after a parliamentary party meeting yesterday, sent a telegram to Mr Lynch encouraging him to participate in talks with Mr Heath and Mr Faulkner.

However, up till late last night there had been no official confirmation of Mr Lynch's agreement to accept the invitation extended to him during the Chequers meeting last week.

Yesterday eight members of Sinn Féin and an Irish language movement occupied the office of the Republic's Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr P. J. Hillery, in Dublin. They said they were protesting against the inaction of Dr Hillery's department after the detention in Northern Ireland of a free-lance journalist, Mr Seamus O'Toole, who was arrested during the internment roundup on August 11.

The protesters included the joint secretaries of Sinn Féin, the political wing of the official IRA, Miss Magrin de Burca, and Mr Tony Heffernan. When they entered the building the British Ambassador to Dublin, Sir John Peck, was there, but he left shortly afterwards, having completed his diplomatic business.

Later five men and three women appeared in Dublin district court, the first to be charged under the Republic's controversial Prohibition of Forcible Entry and Occupation Act, which came into force on Monday. They were remanded on bail until Tuesday.

The Irish Labour Party yesterday demanded the recall of the Dail. The demand followed party talks on the subject in Ulster and was contained in a telegram to Mr Lynch from the Labour Party, Mr Corish.

The IRA leader, Joe Cahill, released on Thursday after 12 hours' detention, returned from America, spending yesterday with friends in Dublin.

The movement on Thursday attacked his detention as a deliberate stab in the back of the Republican and National people in the Six Counties.

Captain Joe Keohane, 54, an Irish army intelligence officer recently on duty reserve forces, on the day with Ulster remained in close arrest as an internal security investigation took place at Sarsfield Barracks, Limerick yesterday.

A Defence Department spokesman in Dublin would specify the nature of investigation, which could take some time. Other officers were being interviewed.

Detectives are searching five boxes containing over 12-bore shotguns, which were found on Dublin docks, it is believed that the content, intended for a Derry arms and ammunition company, was taken by members of illegal organisation.

'Release detainees and start talks'

From SIMON WINCHESTER in Belfast

The campaign against the Northern Ireland Government's current policy of internment without trial has gained an influential and highly respected ally. The Community Relations Commission, a statutory body set up two years ago with the aim of fostering community sympathy, yesterday recommended the replacement of the current internment policy as one step towards getting the Maudling talks started as soon as possible.

"If we as a Government are being accused of being corrupt I demand to know on what grounds that grave charge is made. Reference to words and deeds of people outside the Government is not a fair basis for a campaign against the Government," said the Commission's report.

Like most proposals made in Northern Ireland these days, those of the commission also include a quid pro quo for the Protestants. The opposition to the internment policy is, in this case, coupled with an appeal to the Opposition leaders to assure the Ulster Protestants that their constitutional position will remain unaltered, no matter how much talking goes on.

The effect of the implementation of both proposals, the commission's statement says, would be that the Maudling talks might well begin and, if that were to happen, "the majority of the populace would have emerged yesterday with relief that tension would begin to ease immediately."

The statement said: "To make it easier for the Roman Catholic community to support such talks we ask the Prime Minister to replace internment as soon as possible by normal processes of law under which persons suspected of violent crime are charged and dealt with by the courts."

"To make it easier for the Protestant community we ask the elected leaders of the political minority to assure them their constitutional position is not in danger and by encouraging respect for the law making it possible to eradicate violence by due process."

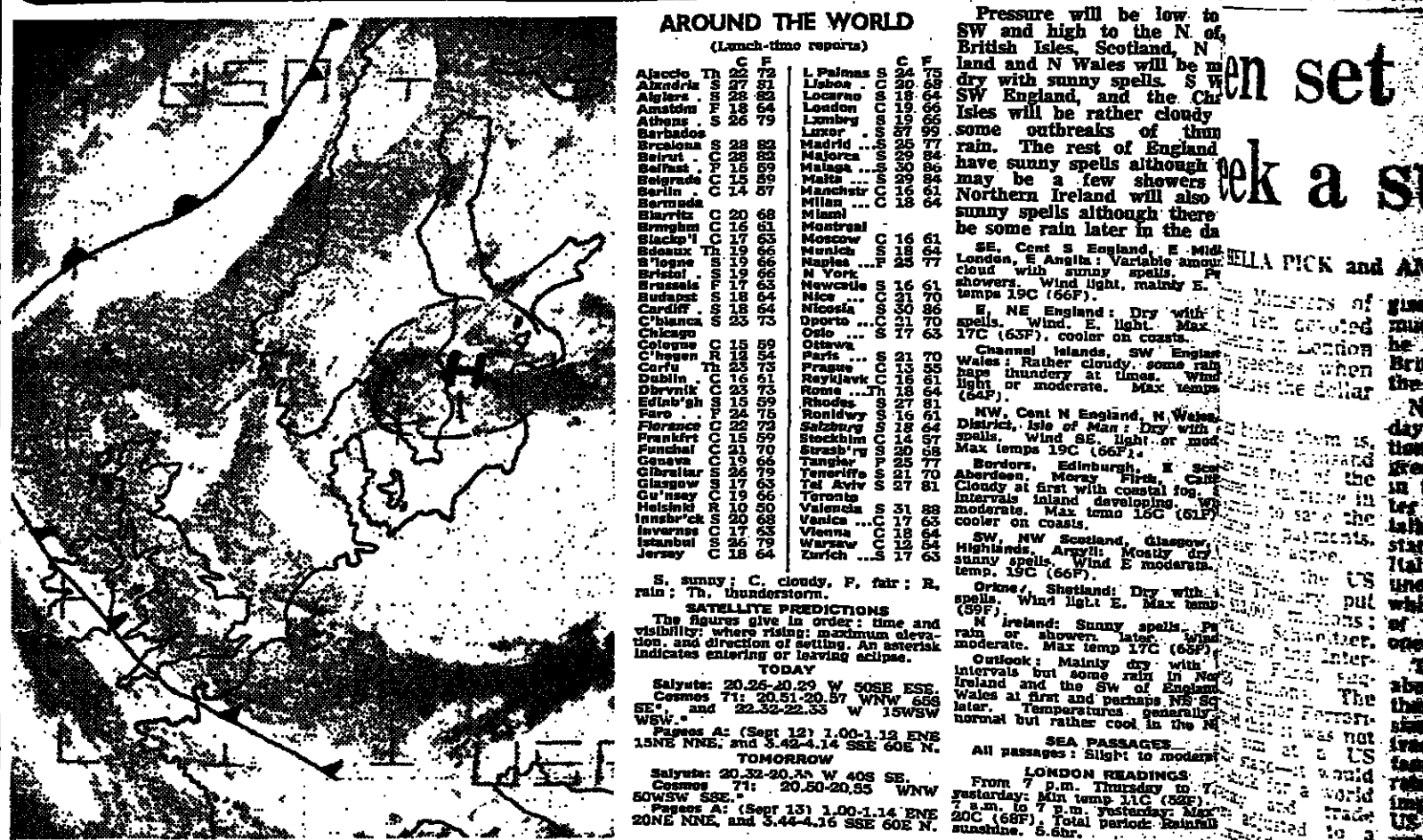
There has been no official Government comment on proposals, which are especially topical just now, since Mr Faulkner is thought to be about to draw up his final list of those detainees to be served with internment orders during the weekend.

One further clue to the possible fate of the detainees may have emerged yesterday with the news that at least two of those held on board the prison ship Maidstone, are now expected to be charged with criminal offences, one man for taking part in a riot in Newry two years ago during a strike of cement workers, and another in respect of an alleged contempt of court made in a People's Democracy statement which condemned the internment of Ulster magistrates. These men could hardly be charged unless they were released from internment.

There was another distressingly large gathering of Loyalists yesterday who had come to listen to the Rev Ian Paisley say that the Government's "policy of internment is a failure and a disgrace. The Government must release the detainees and start talks with the IRA."

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THE WEATHER



Pressure will be low to SW and high to the NE of the British Isles. Scotland, N. Wales and N. Ireland will be dry with sunny spells. S. Wales will be rather cloudy with some outbreaks of rain. The rest of England and Wales will have sunny spells with a few showers. N. Ireland will also have sunny spells although there may be some rain later in the day.

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